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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

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**DOWN IN RUSSIA!** Just one of the many thousands of Nazi planes destroyed on the East Front. Germany's European successes have been founded upon numerical air superiority. In the Battle of Britain, when fewer but better machines and men broke the Nazi legend of aerial invincibility, Germany's decline began. Since then the Russians have taken a huge toll of Nazi aircraft, and (so Mr. Churchill assured us in his Mansion House speech on November 10) Britain has now reached parity with the enemy. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

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# STALIN SPEAKS, 'THAT GREAT WARRIOR STALIN'

HITLER—so the report runs—announced some time ago that he would parade his troops in Moscow's Red Square on November 7, the 24th anniversary of the Soviet Revolution of 1917. There *was* a parade in the Red Square at Moscow on November 7, but it was not the German legions who goose-stepped past Lenin's tomb; they were still floundering in the muddy morasses, the snow-filled forests, fifty or sixty miles to the east. It was the Red Army that marched past; and it was Stalin that took the salute; not Hitler.

It was bitterly cold, with an icy wind, in the Red Square that November morning. But the sky was clear, and every now and again the waiting multitudes looked up at the waves of fighter planes which kept guard above the Russian capital. Thousands of people lined the square facing the massive walls of the Kremlin, now camouflaged in red, yellow, and grey, and the squat austerity of Lenin's tomb. Their faces were set, their mood serious, even stern. It was no joyous holiday this year, but rather a re-dedication to the service of the nation. The enemy, everyone realized, was at the gate.

WHEN Stalin emerged from the Kremlin door and climbed the steps of the review-stand placed beside Lenin's mausoleum, there was a great burst of cheering. Close behind came Molotov, Commissar for Foreign Affairs, Kaganovitch, and many other of the Soviet leaders. As they took their places on the stand Marshal Budenny inspected the guard of honour composed of units of the Moscow military district. Then he too mounted the tribune and greeted Stalin and the rest. Then a deep hush fell over the Square as Stalin came to the microphone and began to speak. His voice was calm, steady, reassuring. Not for him the frenetic splutterings, the half-insane ravings of the Fuehrer.

"Soldiers, workers, collective farmers," he began, "brothers and sisters in our enemy's rear who have fallen temporarily under the yoke of the German brigands, our glorious guerillas . . . on behalf of the Soviet Government and our Bolshevik party I greet and congratulate you on this day of anniversary. We celebrate it under difficult conditions. The treacherous attack of the German brigands and the war they have forced upon us have created a threat to our country. We have temporarily lost a number of regions and the enemy has appeared before the gates of Leningrad and Moscow."

NOT the slightest attempt to conceal the seriousness of the situation, it will be noted; the losses were admitted, and the danger. But at the same time there was never a suggestion of defeatism. Stalin knows that his people can bear to hear the truth and may thus be twice armed. The country was in danger, admitted. But there was a time when it was in a still more difficult position. "Do you remember 1918," he asked, "when we celebrated the first anniversary of the Revolution? At that time three-quarters of our country were in the hands of foreign interventionists. We had temporarily lost the Ukraine, the Caucasus, Central Asia, the Urals, Siberia, and the Far East. We had no allies. We had no Red Army—we had only just begun to create it—we were short of bread, short of arms, short of clothes. At that time fourteen states were ranged against us. But we were not despondent. We did not become disheartened. Amidst the conflagration of war we organized the Red Army and converted our country into a military camp. Great Lenin's spirit inspired us . . ."

AND what happened? The interventionists were defeated. All the lost territories were restored. Victory was won. Now, a generation later, Russia is in a far better position. She is many times richer in industry, food, and raw materials. She has allies who form a united front against the German invader. She enjoys the sympathy and support of the peoples of Europe who have fallen under the yoke of the Fascist tyranny. She has no serious shortage of food, arms, or clothing; she has a splendid Army and a splendid Navy, while her resources of man-power are inexhaustible.

Russia, Stalin made it plain, can face the future with confidence. But Germany—hunger and impoverishment are reigning there. In four months of war the Reich has lost 4,500,000 soldiers. She is bleeding to death, he declared in a pregnant passage. Her resources are giving out; the spirit of revolution is spreading throughout Europe, even amongst the German people themselves who see no end to the war. "Another few months," declared the Red Leader, "another half-year, one year, maybe—and Hitlerite Germany must burst under the weight of her own crime." So he came to his conclusion. "Under the banner of Lenin, onward to victory!"

When Stalin had finished speaking, he stood at the salute beside the tomb of his master, while the stream of armed men and formidable war machines swept past. As they went by loudspeakers announced the details of each unit's achievement, giving the names of the commanders and the men who had distinguished themselves in action. Then, as is the custom at this yearly celebration, the soldiers were followed in the march-past by columns of factory workers, men and women representing every organization and aspect of the capital's life. But hundreds of thousands of the Muscovites were making the national holiday a day of voluntary labour. They were toiling in the bitter cold digging anti-tank trenches, erecting barbed wire entanglements, strengthening the already immensely strong defence ring round about Moscow.

THE day before, Stalin had delivered an anniversary speech to the Moscow Soviet. It was expressed with realism, filled with information, charged with encouragement. He pointed out how gravely the Germans had miscalculated the unity of the Soviet Union and the strength of the Red Army. The lightning war in the east had failed. All the same, the Red Army had suffered severe set-backs. But these were understandable enough when it was realized that Russia was carrying on the war of liberation alone against the concentrated power not only of the Germans but of the Finns, Rumanians, Italians, and Hungarians. Undoubtedly, said Stalin, the absence of a second front in Europe has eased considerably the position of the German Army; but he spoke in confident anticipation of the creation of such a front in the near future.

The secret (he went on) of the success of the German Army—the temporary success—was that their tanks, though not superior in quality to the Russian, were far more numerous. Had it not been for this fact, had it not been for the Nazi command not only of their own tank industry but of those of Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Holland, and France, the Red Army would long ago have smashed the German Army. "The war is a war of motors and will be won by those who possess a superiority in motor production. The U.S.S.R., Britain and the U.S.A., who are now united in a single camp, have a superiority in this respect over Germany of three to one. This is just one reason why Hitler's robber imperialism is doomed."

**RUSSIA'S PREMIER is in cheerful mood as he talks with a young "pioneer" from Uzbekistan and a Tajik delegate at a Collective Farm conference in Moscow. Not long ago a figure of hate, Stalin now ranks with Churchill and Roosevelt in the anti-Hitler front.**
*Courtesy of "Soviet Russia Today"*

SO Stalin spoke. Then he went back to his room in the Kremlin. There he sits at the long baize-covered table, smoking cigarette after cigarette, studying the pile of papers lying neatly stacked before him, "doodling" occasionally as the mood takes him.

"That great warrior, Stalin," Mr. Churchill called him the other day; and Lord Beaverbrook, fresh from his visit to Moscow, has expressed himself in similar vein. "He is a great man, Stalin," he said; "the Russians are well led. If I am any judge of mankind, if I have had any experience worth while in my long life, I put my faith in that man's leadership, and I believe in the Russian resistance."

*E. ROYSTON PIKE*

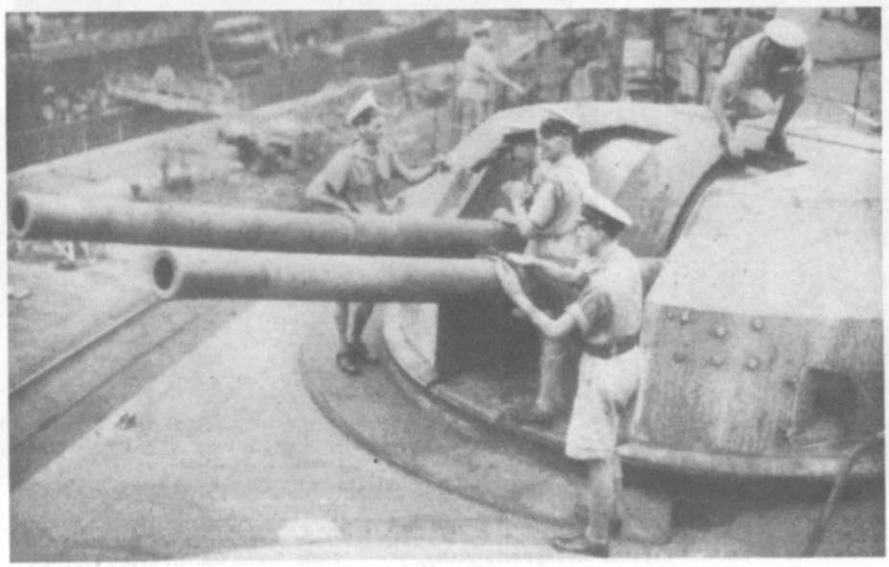
# America's a Friend in Need to British Warships

TO make good the losses sustained in the Battle of the Atlantic and to strengthen further the power of the Royal Navy, British shipyards are working to their utmost capacity. In order that these shipyards may concentrate exclusively upon this vital task of shipbuilding, America is now rendering us great assistance by repairing an increasing number of British ships in her own yards.

On the British side the work is supervized by a technical mission in Washington under Adml. Sir Wilfred French, who has stated : "The work that has been done by the U.S. naval and private yards in refitting our ships has been wonderful."

H.M.S. *Malaya*, British battleship of the Queen Elizabeth class, is seen above leaving New York harbour after refitting. Right, the aircraft carrier *Formidable*, sister ship to the *Illustrious*, in the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, Virginia, where she has been undergoing repairs. Some of her crew are standing by one of the many 4·5-in. dual purpose guns with which the aircraft carrier is equipped.

*Photos, British Official : Crown Copyright; Associated Press*



# Burma's Coming to the Front of the Picture

**Constituting a land link between India and China, French (or, should we now say, Japanese ?) Indo-China, Thailand or Siam, and the Malay States, Burma occupies a place of great and growing strategical importance. Some account of the country and its people, its Government and its communications, is given below.**

BURMA'S Prime Minister, the Hon. U Saw, arrived in this country in October with the triple purpose of conveying to Britain and the British Government a message of goodwill from his own Government and people, of seeing for himself how we are standing up to the ordeal of war, and of obtaining a definite promise from the British Government that Burma will be granted Dominion Home Rule at an early date. After a three weeks' stay Mr. U Saw set out on his return journey at the beginning of November. "I return home disappointed and dissatisfied," he said. "Mr. Churchill was very blunt. I was blunt also.

"I have not been able to get an assurance to take back to Burma," he complained, "that she will be placed on the same level as other members of the Empire. There are no immediate prospects of that coming about. Each of the 17 million people of Burma is expected to participate in the war, yet we are not taken into the confidence of the War Cabinet like the Prime Ministers of the Dominions. In the Atlantic Charter the British Government gives as a war aim the liberation and freedom of small nations. My only request to the British Government and people is that, before they free the countries under Hitler, let them free the countries which are in the British Empire." With that aim a large body of public opinion in England will be in agreement, and it is at least satisfactory to know that U Saw has left our shores with no bitterness.

Probably the chief reason why Burma has not been granted Dominion status, or even a promise of it at a definite date, is that to do so would cause dangerous repercussions in India. But the Burmans fail to find this a good reason. They point out that the new constitution which came into force in 1937 has worked most satisfactorily. There has been no breakdown as in India. The ministry has remained in office, and the Burmese Parliament, consisting of the Senate and the House of Representatives, is functioning well. Considerable powers are reserved to the Governor (now Sir R. H. Dorman Smith, formerly Minister of Agriculture at Westminster), the principal being currency, defence, foreign relations and ecclesiastical matters; but for the rest the Burmans have shown themselves well capable of managing their own affairs.

Nothing irritates a good Burman more than to have his country compared with India. Burma, he points out, is not like India in the least. For one thing, it was annexed only so recently as 1886. Then there are vast differences in social life and structure. The Burmans have no caste system and never have had. They have no fierce religious rivalries, nor have they a professional priesthood. The great majority of them—843 out of every 1,000—are Buddhists, and Buddhism is practically the only religion in the world which has never attempted to make converts by force. Burmese women do much more than their fair share of the work, but they have none of the sex disabilities which so often make the lives of the Indian women a misery. On the whole, the Burmans are a most attractive people, courteous and kindly, cheerful in disposition, tolerant in all things.

Rather more than 260,000 square miles in area, Burma is about the same size as Japan, or twice the size of Italy. Of its people the majority are Burmans by race, but there are also many Shans, Karens and Kachins. The capital is Rangoon (pop. 400,000), but Rangoon is a cosmopolis rather than a Burman city. Next to it rank Mandalay (pop. 150,000) and Moulmein (pop. 65,000).

For the most part the Burmese people are cultivators of the soil; not for nothing has Burma been called the world's rice granary. But many thousands are engaged in the oilfields in the basin of the Irrawaddy, between Rangoon and Mandalay. Burma, indeed, has the Empire's richest oil-fields, producing more than a million tons of crude petroleum per annum. Many more are engaged in mining tungsten, copper, and lead. Then

**BURMA, showing the two main routes to China from Rangoon: the road and rail route via Mandalay and Lashio to the frontier at Kyukhok, and up the Irrawaddy River to Bhamo.** *Courtesy of "The Times"*

there are also numerous plantations of rubber and other tropical produce. The people live in little villages of wooden huts with roofs thatched with palm leaves or grass (though nowadays corrugated iron is becoming all too common). Then every village has its bazaar, where the countryfolk meet to exchange their goods and gossip, and its pagoda, containing relics of the Buddha perhaps, attracting pilgrims from far and near.

Very largely covered with mountains as it is, Burma's communications are few and difficult. The main channel of commerce is the Irrawaddy, which is navigable up to Bhamo on the Chinese frontier, 900 miles from the sea. From Bhamo there is a road to Kyukhok on the frontier, where it joins the Burma Road from Lashio to Kunming, chief town of the Chinese province of Yunnan, and so on to Chungking, capital of Chiang Kai-Shek's Free China. This is one of the two main routes from Rangoon into China. The other and more important is the railway from Rangoon to Lashio, where the Burma Road begins (see Vol. 3, page 454).

More than half a century ago plans were prepared for the connexion of the Burman and the Chinese railway systems, but it is only now that the line is being extended from Lashio to the Chinese border at Kunlong, whence it will be continued by a Chinese line to Kunming and ultimately to Chungking. Already Lashio and Bhamo are in effect the chief supply bases of Chiang Kai-Shek's armies, but this will be even more true when the new railway is open—in perhaps two years' time—for then it will be far cheaper to transport the goods from the outside world across Burma into China. But the capacity of the Burma Road is limited, and it costs over £100 to send a ton of goods from Rangoon to Chungking. Nevertheless, 15,000 tons of goods entered China by way of the Burma Road last August; and in spite of the monsoons and the Japanese air raids 4,000 lorries, mostly American, rolled steadily along the tortuous track. The Burma Road is in very truth Free China's life-line.

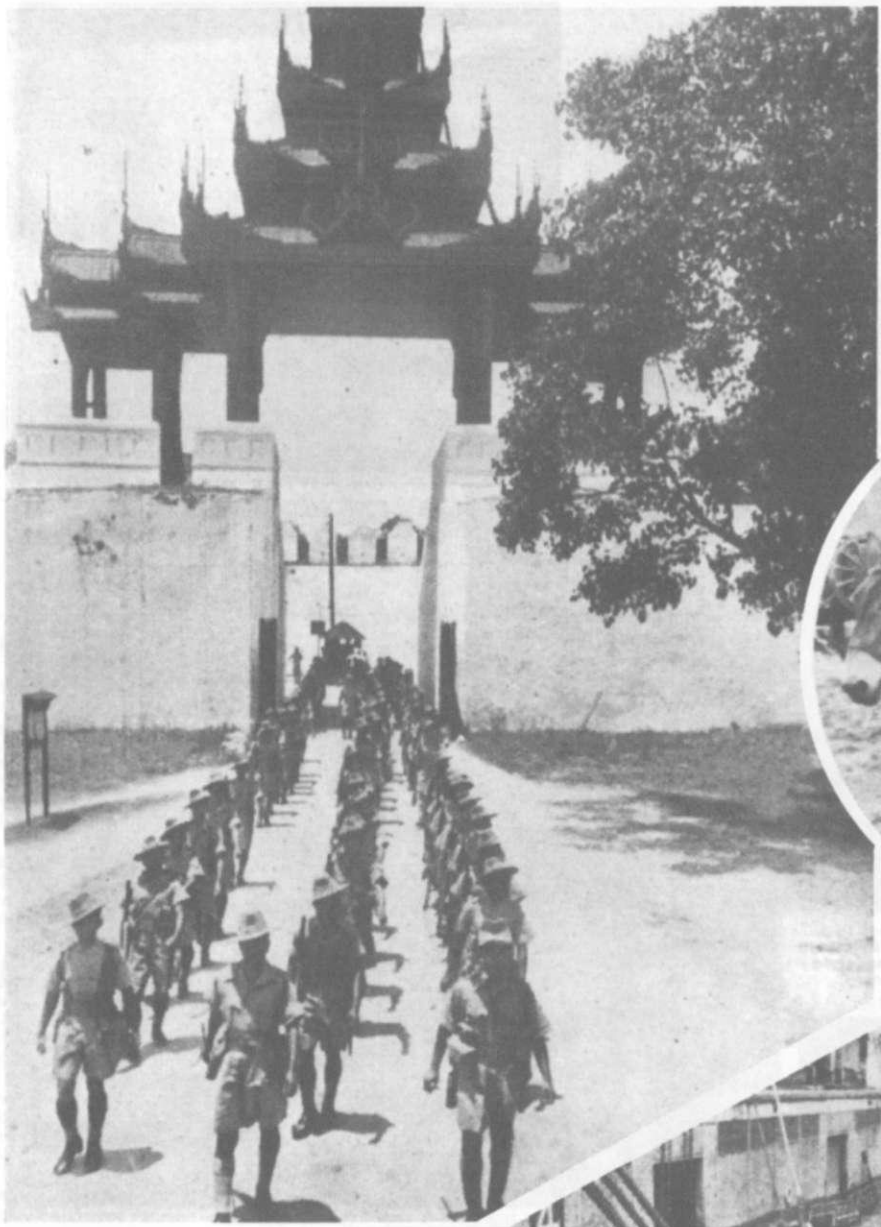
**HON. U SAW, Prime Minister of Burma, a photograph taken on the occasion of his recent visit to the area of the South-Eastern Command known as Britain's front line. Whether his country will be involved in the war depends on Japanese policy,** *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

# Echoes of War on the Road to Mandalay

WAR in the Pacific, if precipitated by Japan, may involve Burma, whose frontier is threatened since Indo-China came under Japanese control. Hence the rearmament of Burma has been proceeding in anticipation of Japanese aggression.

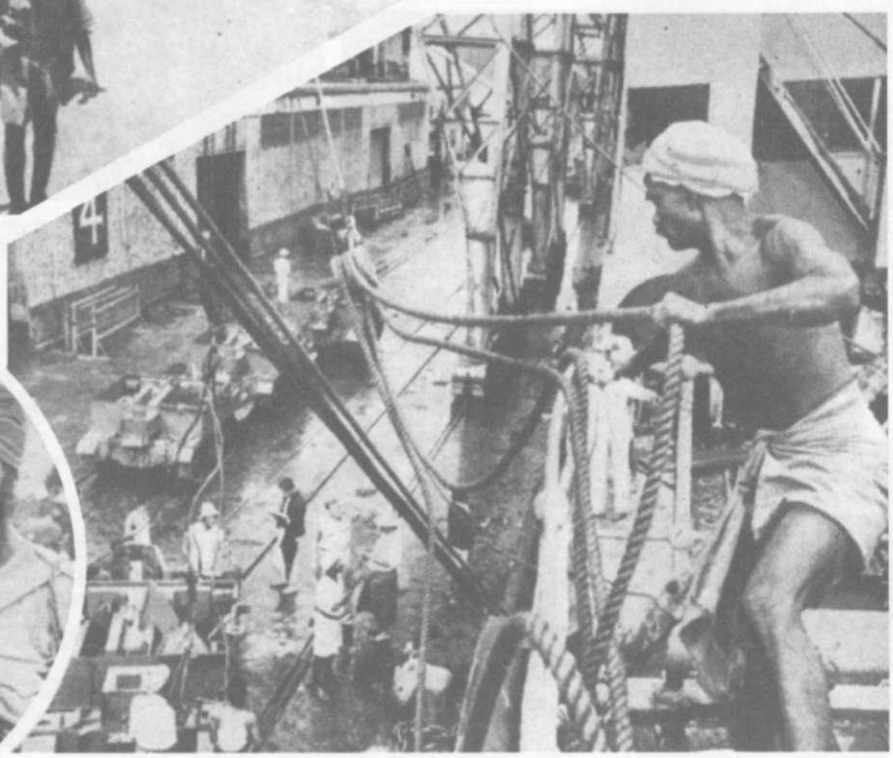
A chain of air bases hacked out of the Burmese jungle has been constructed during the past few months, and should the Japanese advance either across Thailand or the north-west frontier of Indo-China they will meet with powerful opposition from squadrons of R.A.F. bombers and the new American-built Brewster Buffalo multi-gun fighters. These aerodromes, with all-weather runways, are the formidable answer to the new bases which have been built by the Japanese in Indo-China.

The Burma Defence Force comprises the Army in Burma and the Burma Frontier Force. The latter force came into being in April, 1937.



A company of Burma Rifles marching out of the gateway of the old fort of Mandalay to keep watch on the frontier with French Indo-China.

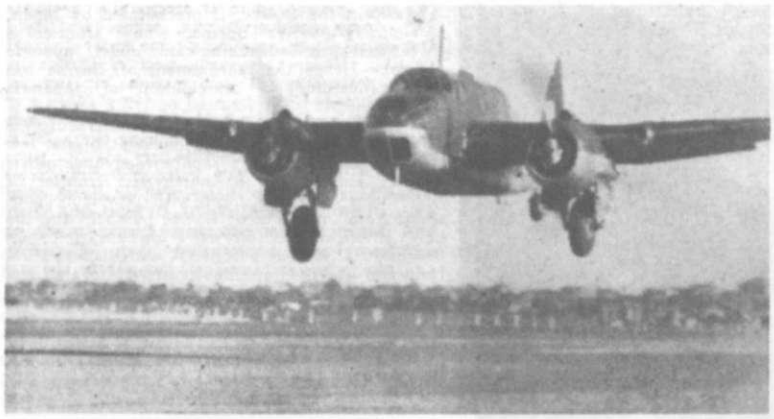
An Indian Mountain Battery, in defence of Burma, transporting its guns on Texas mules. The mountainous country often makes mechanized movement impossible.

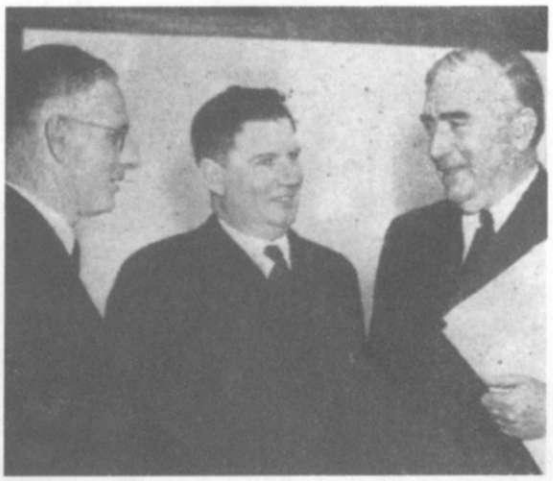


AT RANGOON, Bren-gun carriers are being swung on to the dockside. Left, Indian mountain gunners examining the latest weapon from the West, a Tommy-gun. Since the Japanese menace became acute Burma has consolidated her defensive armaments.

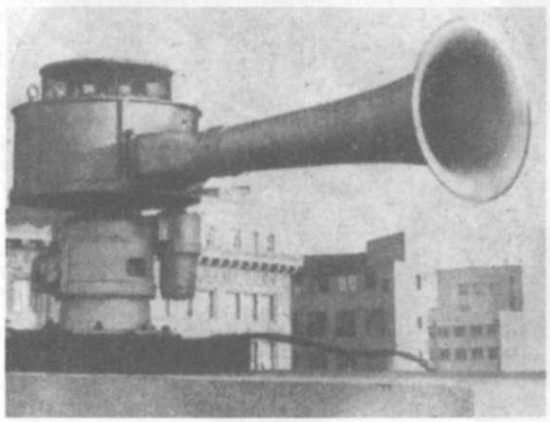
*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

# If They Want War, Then Australia Is Ready

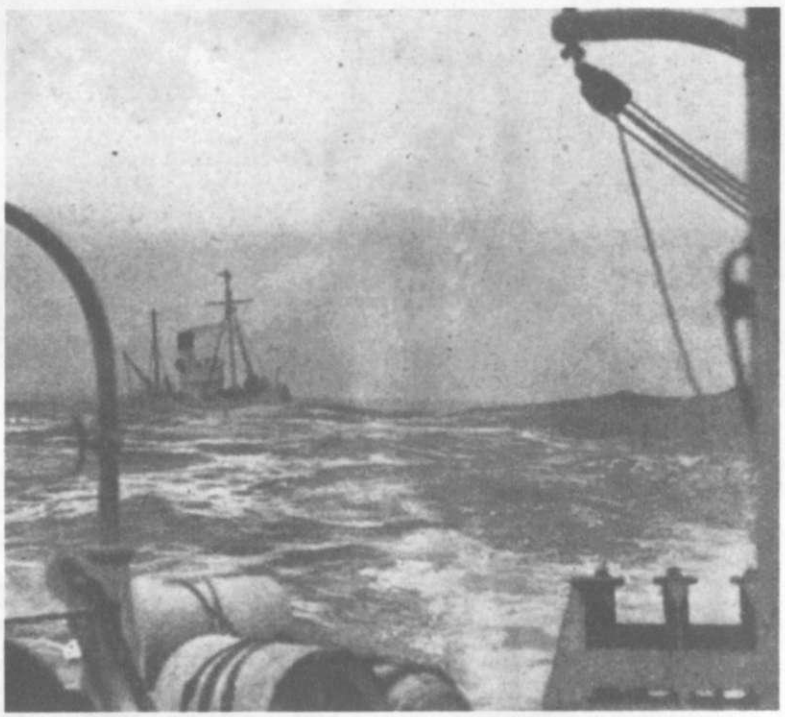


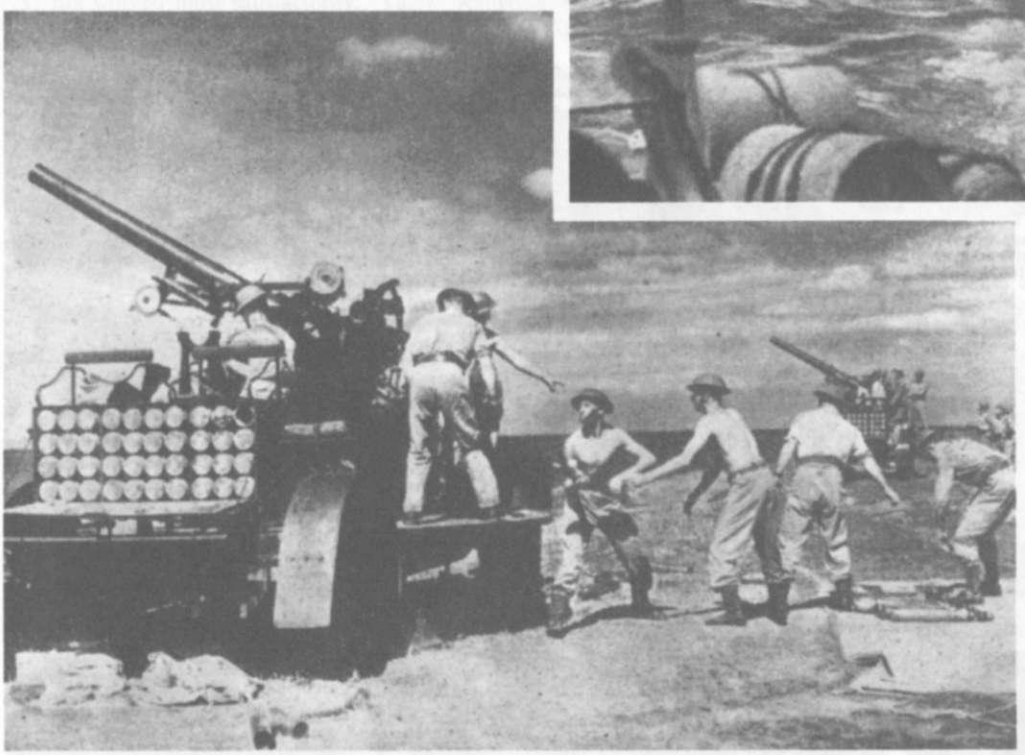


**AT MELBOURNE, the first Bristol Beaufort assembled in Australia makes its maiden flight. Right: Australia's Party Leaders at a War Advisory Council meeting at Victoria Barracks. Left to right: Messrs. Curtin (Prime Minister), Fadden and Menzies.**



**Close-up of a Sydney air-raid siren. Australia, like Britain, has to counter the mine menace, and, right, is a trawler in the Bass Straits engaged in sweeping operations.**





**AUSTRALIAN A.A. GUNNERS practising on the sea-coast at movable R.A.A.F. targets. In the last war Australia, territorially, was beyond the line of fire. This time the possibility of Japanese aggression makes a powerful home defence force essential.**
*Photos, Wide World, Sport & General, Keystone*

SHOULD war begin in the Pacific, Australia will have her own front. She has been preparing for this eventuality, and Sir Earle Page, Australian special representative in this country, has stated that "Australia's preparedness is very much greater than they realize in Germany."

The Dominion has 450,000 men, or 25 per cent of the male population between 18 and 40, in her armed forces. Production of munitions is 20 times greater than at the outbreak of war. More than 1,000 planes have been built, and new types are in schedule. Land forces comprise 170,000 troops in the A.I.F., 200,000 in the militia and garrison battalions, and a Home Guard of 50,000. The Australian R.A.F. has expanded to over 60,000.

"To counter a blockade," Sir Earle continued, "we have laid in food stocks at city, provincial and country centres throughout Australia. Hence land transport could be used almost completely for military purposes should sea communications be seriously interfered with."

# Flying the Atlantic Is Ferry Command's Job

**LOCKHEED HUDSONS getting ready to take off on their transatlantic hop from a Newfoundland airfield.**

CROSSING the Atlantic in an aeroplane, which, only a few years ago, was such a hazardous feat, is now a routine job. Indeed, some R.A.F. pilots look upon Atlantic ferrying as a rest from operational flying. A pilot officer, in a recent broadcast, gave two main reasons why flying the Atlantic is now such a comparatively simple job. "First," he said, "because America is building and supplying us with fine aircraft. Secondly, because each flight is planned to the last detail."

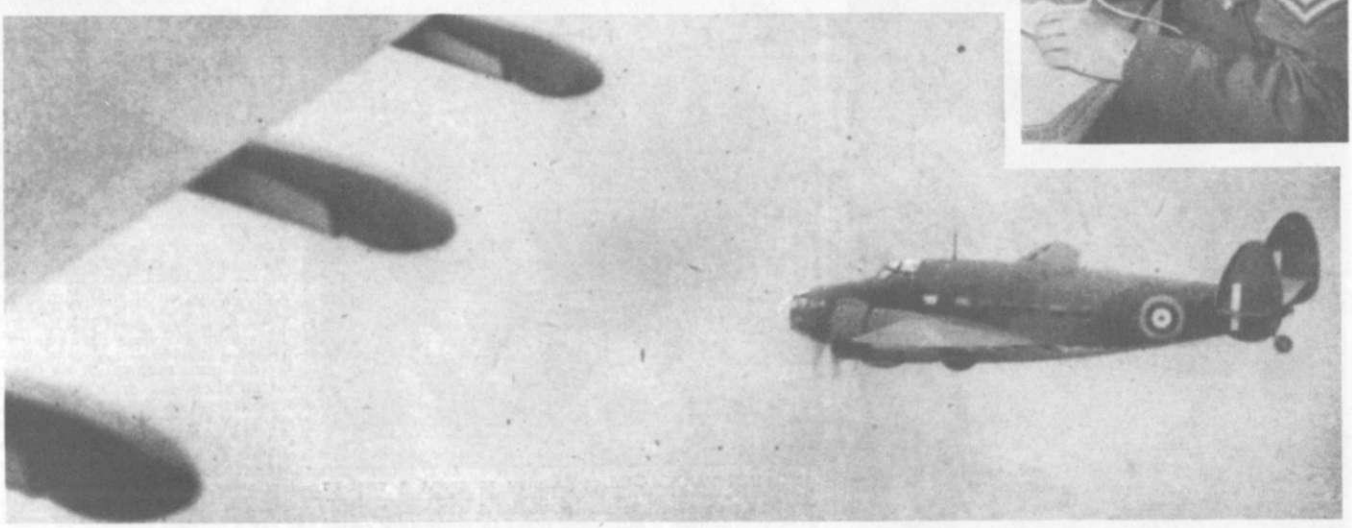
The A.O.C.-in-C., R.A.F. Ferry Command, Canada, takes delivery of American-built aircraft from the Flight Ferry Command of the U.S. Army Air Corps and is responsible to the Air Council for their delivery in Great Britain.

From the factories in Canada or America the planes to be delivered to Britain are taken to Newfoundland, where the real business of ferrying starts. Pilot and navigator are informed by the meteorological experts of weather conditions right across the Atlantic. The captain of the aircraft then decides whether and when he will take off. Next, the aircraft, which is under an armed guard, is examined in every detail, the petrol tanks are filled, and after a final conference with the weather experts the crew is ready to take off.

**Above, the control desk in the control tower of a Newfoundland airport. The O.C. control tower watches an incoming aircraft through his glasses.**

The coast of Newfoundland is left behind and the aircraft climbs rapidly through the clouds to a great height where there is no moisture in the air to ice up the wings and airscrews. As soon as it is dark the navigator checks his position by the stars, the automatic pilot is plugged in, and the crew settles down for the night. The navigator is the only one with much to do. The remainder read or talk and there is plenty of food and drink to sustain them on the trip.

The average duration of the trip is about ten hours. Eventually the aircraft makes its appointed landing on the other side of the ocean. As the pilot officer remarked: "It's satisfying to descend through a hole in the cloud and find yourself in exactly the right spot at the right time. It's a grand feeling."



**FERRY COMMAND is responsible for the organization of the service which flies aircraft built in N. America across the Atlantic to Britain. Above, a Lockheed Hudson winging its way across the vast expanse of the ocean. Above, right, an R.A.F. corporal maintaining communication between the home airport and a home-bound machine.**

*Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

# Our Searchlight on the War

### *IF WE LOSE THE WAR '—Goebbels*

Recently Dr. Goebbels, Hitler's Propaganda Minister, wrote an article for "Das Reich" which created a great sensation because of its unwontedly serious note. It was called "Wann oder Wie?" (When or How?), the point of the heading being in the statement that the question of *how* the war is going to end is more important than the *when*.

IF Germany wins the war, writes Dr. Joseph, everything will be gained—raw materials, plenty of foodstuffs, living-space, the basis for a new social order for Germany and the other members of the Axis family. But if Germany loses the war, she will not only lose all these things but everything she has at present. "The fate of the German people is hard and bitter," he admits, but the war would have had to come even if Poland had agreed to Hitler's demands in 1939, or even if England and France had accepted the Fuehrer's peace offer after the conclusion of the Polish campaign. "We can and will win," he goes on, "but this needs a mighty national effort by the whole nation." Then the article takes a grimly sardonic turn. "When people at home complain, they should ask themselves: 'Are not the sacrifices of the conquered peoples much greater than our own?'" Without waiting to reply, Goebbels proceeds: "We still enjoy the highest living standard of all European nations. Every German must now give his all, and if he complains of hardships he will always be able to find another German who is suffering still more." So there's comfort for you, Grumbling Gretchen and Fretful Fritz!

### *ONE SAD SATURDAY*

Thirty-seven of our bombers are missing from these operations over Germany and Occupied France last night. At least half of that number were forced down by bad weather.—*R.A.F. broadcast 1 p.m., Nov. 8th.* Fifteen of our fighters are missing from these operations today.—*R.A.F. broadcast 9 p.m., Nov. 8th.*

THIS was indeed bad hearing. In material terms it represents a loss of some £2,000,000 of aircraft within the space of one day. Think what £2,000,000 could have done for social service in peacetime! But more serious is the loss of pilots, gunners, observers, wireless men. A total of about 200. Fortunately the death roll may have been only a fraction of that: even so, those saved are lost for the term of the War. Two questions arise: (1) Why not better knowledge of the weather? (2) Why push on to their remoter targets in conditions of such imminent danger? The answer to the first is that the most expert meteorologists are at times no more able to ensure weather conditions at a distance than the trickiest astrologer his foretellings—there is always the imponderable. And here it was. "Haig's weather" it might be called, for that commander rarely planned an advance that wasn't soon held up by adverse weather. But in the end his armies beat the Boche; and so it will be again. The answer to the second: that the motto of the service is to "get your target at all costs." This time the cost was high: a new cruiser (that might have been sunk by one lucky torpedo shot) could have been built for the money spent on these aircraft and equipment. But the lost bombers had got their targets, and doubtless if the results of their bombs could be assessed it would be found that they had more than squared accounts with the enemy in whose behalf the weather had changed so unexpectedly.

### *TOTAL WAR NEEDS TOTAL EFFORT*

The Russian S K F ball-bearing factory was evacuated from Moscow and set up again in its new home, hundreds of miles to the east, in an incredibly short space of time.—"*Evening Standard*" *Correspondent at Kuibishev*

BUT the men did not sit and wait for builders to arrive. The district was scoured for tools; sand, bricks and cement were found. Then turners and grinders, book-keepers and office-girls set to work to rebuild their factory. On October 2 production was resumed and during the ensuing month the output of the plant was larger than during any month in Moscow! On the day this story was published the "Daily Telegraph" announced that the Ministry of Labour was to make an immediate investigation into the recent departure of many young women of call-up age for the Isle of Man. People in that island are, thanks to the local law, not required to register under the Registration for Employment Order. The spineless have apparently gone to join the tail-less.

### *BUT IS IT A MAJOR MISTAKE?*

The R.A.F.'s work over the British Isles has saved England from defeat. But its work elsewhere has added up to a major British mistake of the war. I believe the mistake lies in the fact that it is an independent unit.—*Rear Adm. Harry Yarney, U.S. Navy (retd.), in "Collier's Magazine"*

THESE criticisms and those of Major Fielding Eliot, on very similar lines, echo a campaign now being waged in the U.S.A. against the proposed separation of the air arms from the American army and navy and their union as a separate force. They recall the long-sustained controversy that raged in Britain and ended only in 1937 by the incorporation of a limited portion of the Royal Air Force into the Navy as the Fleet Air Arm. But the Admiralty still depends upon the co-operation of the Coastal and Bomber Commands of the R.A.F. for sea work which, in Germany, is under a central military control. Similar and even stronger criticisms have been directed against the Army's lack of control of the air in land operations. The German Wehrmacht obtains its air striking power by coordination and control, the British by cooperation and agreement, excellent in peacetime, but too slow in decision and action for total war. One high ranking officer in Greece is reported to have declared, says Major Eliot, that he would never accept another command in which he did not have full and undivided control of his supporting air force. Looking back over the record of this war and allowing for all the unforgettable triumphs of the R.A.F., who shall say that he is without justification?

**WASTE is folly in peacetime: in wartime it is criminal. This bread was found among refuse collected from just a few houses in an English town. Yet men risk their lives daily to bring wheat to Britain.** *Photo, "Daily Mirror"*

### *SHOOT STRAIGHT: DAMN DRILL!*

Drill teaches movement of walking pace or quick step. In modern war men crawl or run, or lie down. . . . Drill teaches movements in unison, with men shoulder-close beside each other. In war men are in loneliness, yards apart. . . . Drill teaches straight lines. In war all straight lines are suicidal. . . .—*Tom Wintringham in "New Ways of War"*

THERE is a case for ceremonial drill, but it does not cut much ice when speedy training is of vital urgency. For guerilla warfare it is completely inessential. Therefore, ladies of the Slough Women's Guerilla (see photograph below), and all other women who wish to emulate the example of the women of Soviet Russia, don't spend a lot of time on the correct etiquette for greeting "Grand Rounds," but concentrate all your efforts on good grouping at the local rifle range. A Royal Marine, captured at Calais, said in a recent broadcast describing what he saw as he was marched under guard through France and Belgium: "We very seldom saw the Germans drilling, but you would always see targets up and men firing . . . We soon saw how quick and straight they can shoot. They were shooting all the time for sport, and to show off, at anything that happened to be about: cats and dogs, hens, men and women—anything that came handy. And they were hitting them right in the head every time!"

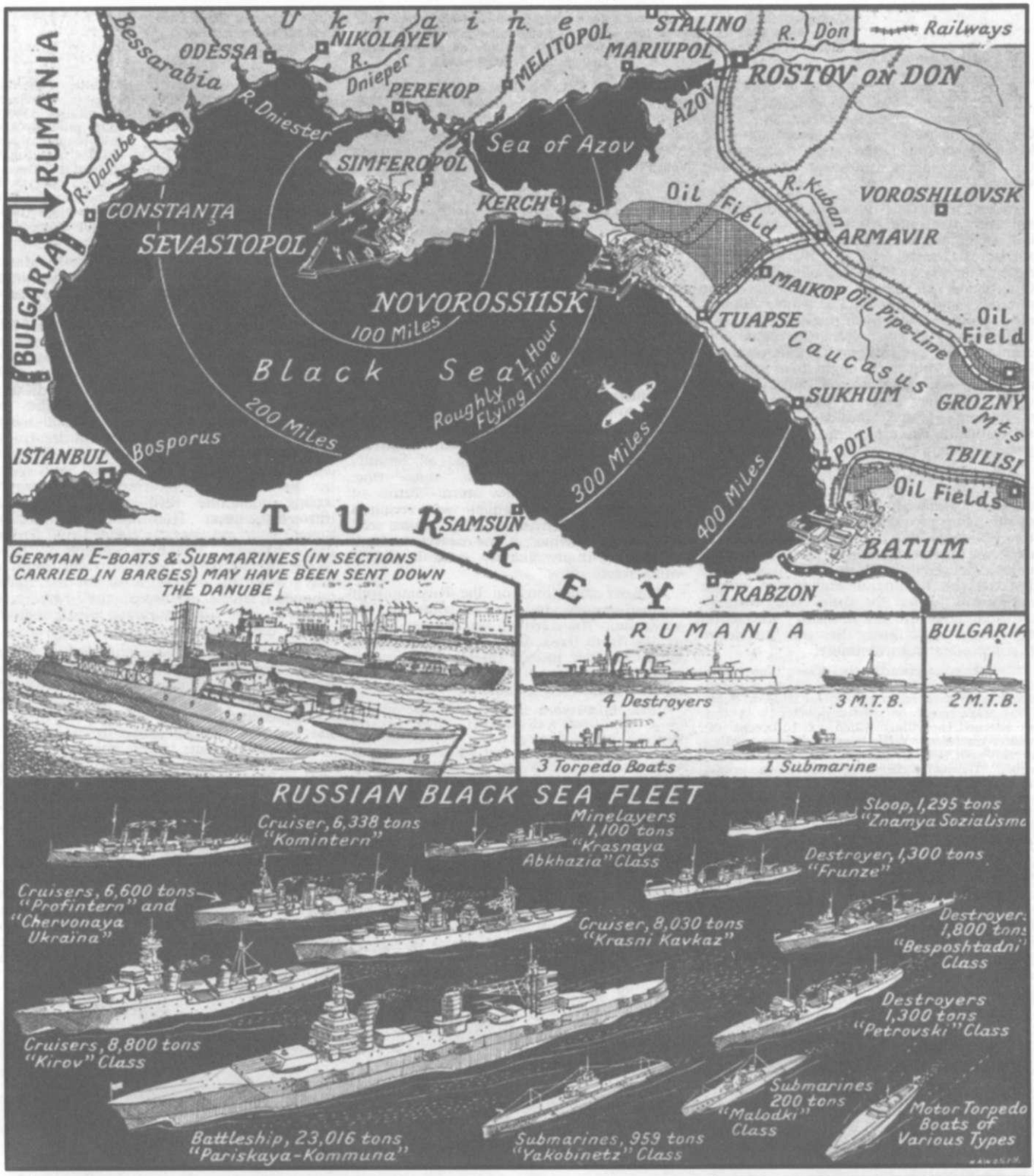
### *'FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND'?*

The Germans have now 100,000 or more guns. There has never been known such an immense assembly of guns in the world. These are all pointed in the end at Britain.—*Lord Beaverbrook*

WHY should we be surprised at this? In addition to her own vast pre-war preparations of heavy artillery, Germany, by her long succession of quick-fire victories, came into possession of all the ordnance of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Belgium, Holland, and France—to say nothing (which is quite enough) of the British armaments abandoned in the flight from Belgium. Moreover, and even more important, the Nazis became the masters of the great Czech and French munitions factories which for nearly eighteen months have been turning out new and improved heavy artillery wherewith to hedge their immense coastline from Narvik to Biarritz. Most of these 100,000 guns may yet be needed to defend these far-stretching shores. Another winder, this, for the blithe spirits that would gailythrow British expeditionary forces against that coast in the sure and certain knowledge that destruction on a gigantic scale would await all, or most of the B.E.F.s that tried large-scale frontal attacks on beaches bristling with these endless batteries. There is a way round, even if it involves a detour of some thousand miles.

**WOMEN WARRIORS could play as great a part as have the women of the Soviet Union in defending their lives and homes. But time spent in peacetime ceremonial drill (left) is time that could be better spent in practising marksmanship, as the Cambridge Women's Home Defence Corps (above) know.**
*Photos, Associated Press and Eastern Press Agency*

# Bitter and Hard Is the Fight for the Crimea

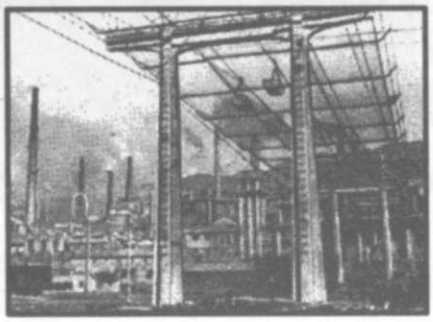



**WAR IN THE BLACK SEA AREA** is increasing in fury; Sebastopol, chief naval base of the Russian Black Sea Fleet, is now under German fire. On November 16, Berlin claimed that German infantry had fought their way into the streets of Kerch at the eastern extremity of the Crimea; but Gen. von Manstein's 14 infantry divisions were having to fight through heavy snowstorms and 30 degrees F. of frost. Should the Nazis occupy the whole of the Crimea they would base bombers there to attack oil-producing centres and ports in the Caucasus and the Russian Fleet. No doubt Germany has sent E-boats and submarines down the Danube to supplement the weak Rumanian and Bulgarian units under her control. They could be transported overland in sections and assembled in Balkan ports.

The Russian Fleet in the Black Sea is said to consist of one battleship with twelve 12-in. and sixteen 4·7-in. guns, four modern cruisers, two armed with 7·1-in. and 4-in. guns and two with 5·1-in. guns, one older type cruiser, about twenty modern destroyers and several older ones, roughly fifty submarines, and fifty or more motor torpedo-boats.

If Sebastopol falls, Novorossiisk—an important commercial oil port possessing good harbourage—may become the Russian Black Sea base. The photograph on the right is of the Novorossiisk cement factory. The town is an important centre for the export of cereals and cement. Batum, the only other important Black Sea port left to the Russians, has harbour facilities, but is unsuitable as a base during winter storms. *Photo, E.N.A.*

*Diagram specially drawn by Haworth for* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED



# Will Winter's Coming Halt the Russian War?

**Although fierce fighting continued near Moscow and in the Crimea, as November wore on there were signs that the fury of the German offensive had passed its peak. From various quarters there came suggestions that the approach of winter was severely taxing the strength and the resources of the invader.**

"At the present moment," said Mr. Churchill in his Mansion House speech on November 10, "the German invading armies, after all their losses, lie on the barren steppes exposed to the approaching severities of the Russian winter."

Winter in Russia ! It begins in November, and from then until April the whole country is frozen. Bitter winds, born in the icy steppes of Central Asia, cut like a knife, or rather, like a saw. The average temperature falls below 20 degrees Fahrenheit. Even on the Crimean Riviera the winter months are as cold as they are in the north of Scotland. Elsewhere the rivers are solid ice ; even the ports are ice-bound. The roads are frozen hard, but every night their course is almost blotted out by enormous piles of snow-drifts. To these bitter conditions is added an element of gloom, since daylight hours are short and the country seems sunk in almost perpetual night.

The Germans, it seems reasonable to suppose, did not expect that they would have to face a winter in Russia—at least, in the open. They probably thought that even if the campaign had not been brought to a close, yet their armies would spend the winter months snugly enough in their quarters in Moscow and Leningrad and in the villages and towns behind the front. But Moscow and Leningrad are still untaken ; and as for the villages and towns, they are just heaps of rubble and burned timber.

"'Forward, forward,' the officers urged their men," reported the other day a Nazi war reporter, speaking from a radio van on the Moscow front, "'we must reach our winter quarters.' At last we reached the village which was to become our winter quarters. Well, there had been a village at this spot, but all that was left was a heap of ruins. We had to dig deep holes in the ground to snatch a few hours' sleep. Six to eight men are crammed into these holes and then tanks are moved into position over them so as to protect them against the night attacks of the Red Air Force."

Now, however, the Nazis have recognized the inevitable. The spokesmen in Berlin are trying to "put across" the story that the Russian winter has been steadily getting better of recent years, and that it is not to be compared with that which brought ruin to Napoleon's armies. Winter in the Moscow region, they declare, is no worse than it is near Berlin. But, all the same, extraordinary precautions are being taken just in case "General Winter" should prove difficult. Huge orders for wooden huts, fur-lined overcoats, skis, and snow-shoes have been given out. Skis, sweaters and ski clothing, even blankets, have been confiscated wholesale in Norway and the Baltic States. The Finnish aircraft factory at Tampere has been ordered to supply quantities of special skis for the German aeroplanes. Large numbers of prisoners-of-war have been drafted to the clothing factories, and orders have been issued to the German troops in Russia to confiscate the winter clothing of the civilian population.

## 'Spiritual Nourishment' for Nazis!

Then, on November 8, half a million Nazis and their assistants spent the Saturday in a house-to-house visitation throughout Germany, collecting bottles. These, it was explained, would be filled with "spiritual nourishment" in the shape of brandy, schnapps, rum, Norwegian *Aqua vitae*, champagne, and barley spirit—forms of concentrated alcohol which were required to guard the German soldiers against cold and fatigue. Wines, it was expected, would not be sent in any quantity, since the lighter wines freeze.

Already conditions on the Russian front are bad enough, and the real winter has not yet begun. The German war correspondents at the front have described the appalling conditions that prevail there. Here is one typical report quoted in "The Times" from its Stockholm correspondent.

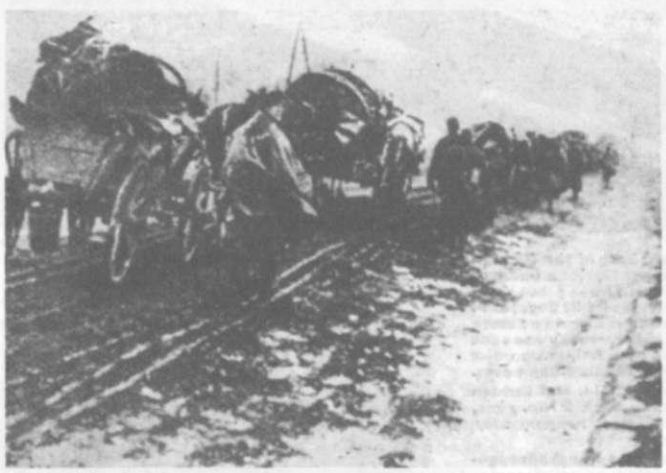
"The infantrymen halted. No one moved, for movement was very difficult. Their feet were deep in the sucking mud, stuck to their legs like iron clamps. Shots rang out. The experienced soldiers knew that 30 or 40 yelling men were attacking our transport detachments behind. Still our mud-coated men remained motionless, their faces grey with tension. 'Forward,' shouted the lieutenant, and the men panted on.

"The ammunition was heavy, the muddied knapsacks heavier, but the machine-guns were heaviest—heavier than sacks of coal. The men cursed and groaned, and in spite of the cold wind sweat ran down their faces in a stream. 'If only it were as hot as this at night, d——n it,' one soldier exclaimed, and he spoke for all.

"Dusk descended as we reached the village. The men spoke little. After marching east for 1,200 miles, after four months of constant fighting, the men do not waste words. Our old sergeant, the best in the whole army, also does not talk. The night is cold, icy, hostile. Feet are numb, like ice. The wet shirts stick to the body like cold bandages. Three hours' sleep, and then it is too cold. You can feel it through your greatcoat. The mud is stiff, and it is snowing slightly. Warm coffee comes, the devil knows where from or how. The men laugh—no, they do not laugh, they merely draw back their bearded lips a little, with a slight suggestion of a smile . . ."

Compared with the Germans, the Russians are in a much better position. For one thing, they are hardened to the climate ; they know what to expect and are prepared for it. Every Russian has his sheepskin coat and his felt boots. He thinks little of 50 degrees of frost, and can remain in the open day and night, when the Germans would freeze. All the Russian clothing factories are working non-stop, turning out huge quantities of warm uniforms. Herds of cattle and sheep have been driven up to just behind the front, so as to be within easy reach of the Russian commissariat ; they have walked, as it were, to the stew-pots. Correspondents report seeing numerous field-kitchens steaming through the trees. Tremendous quantities of bread, soup and stew are handed out as the day's rations. So far as possible the Red Army private has at least two solid meals a day ; while the officers, so we are told, have abundant stocks of tinned stuff—preserved meat, caviare, fish, sausages, bread, butter, cheese, beer, wine, vodka and brandy.

Then the Russians are much better off in the matter of quarters. The towns behind their front are not destroyed. "Woods are interspersed with little sod mounds," the correspondent of the "New York Times" has written, "which prove to be roofs of three-men dug-outs, where soldiers sleep in trios on dirt shelves covered with straw. This may sound neither warm nor comfortable, but if you have come in out of a hail storm and visit one, you will realize it is." Many headquarters along the front, he goes on, are now provided with underground dug-outs, some of which have sleeping quarters, club rooms, with the wireless laid on, a gramophone or piano, and all are warm. The front line first-aid stations are being transferred from tents to dug-outs, and stores of medical supplies, including tinned blood for quick transfusions and medicine for frost-bite, are being distributed.



**'GENERAL WINTER' is at last taking a hand in slowing down the German offensive on the Eastern Front and thereby giving the hard-pressed Red Armies a valuable breathing-space. Snow is falling everywhere, and German broadcasts refer to appalling weather conditions. For once the German radio speaks truth, as may be gathered from these photographs showing (left) German troops moving up along a sodden road and (right) the mud-clogged tracks of German tanks after travelling over the waterlogged countryside.** *Photos. Keystone, Sport & General*

# But As Yet the Nazi War Machine Drives On

RUSSIAN FRONT in mid-November, showing the centres of fierce fighting in the Moscow, Rostov and Crimea areas.

Motor-cycle detachment, part of reinforcements for the badly-mauled Rumanian army, crossing a pontoon bridge over the Dnieper.

Snowshoes such as are now being turned out for Russia in British factories. Below, girls stringing the shoes, which are made largely of ash.

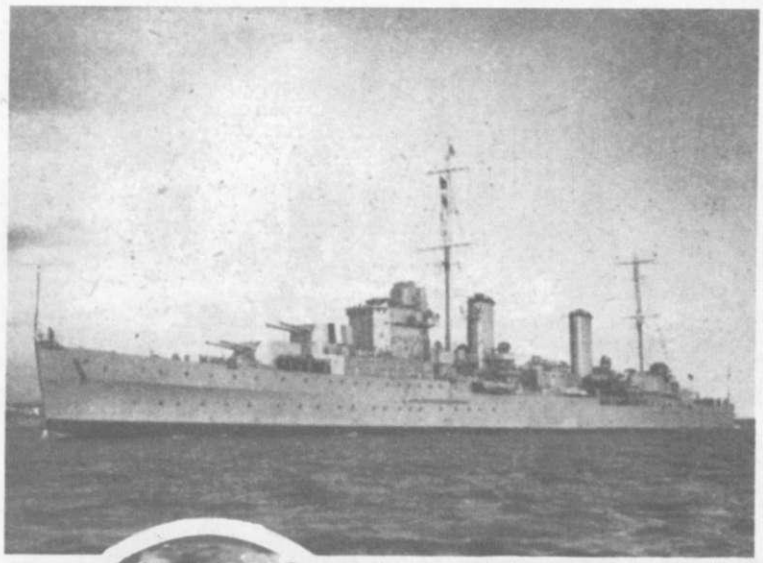
GERMAN PANZER units (left) on the move to the Eastern Front. The dense smoke in the background probably indicates Russian application of "scorched earth" policy. Circle, a German heavy gun manned by a crew in camouflage uniforms.

*Photos, Sport & General, Keystone, Associated Press. Map by courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"*

# A Year Later: In Liverpool and Manchester War's Wreckage

A panoramic view taken from a building in South Castle Street, Liverpool showing the neighbourhood of the Victoria Memorial and Lord Street. The town was heavily bombed during the winter raids of 1940, but now clearance work has been in progress for some months, leaving a great open space for eventual reconstruction.

# 'This Most Important and Timely Action'



H.M.S. *AURORA* is a cruiser of 5,270 tons displacement, completed in November 1937. Her main armament consists of six 6-in. guns.

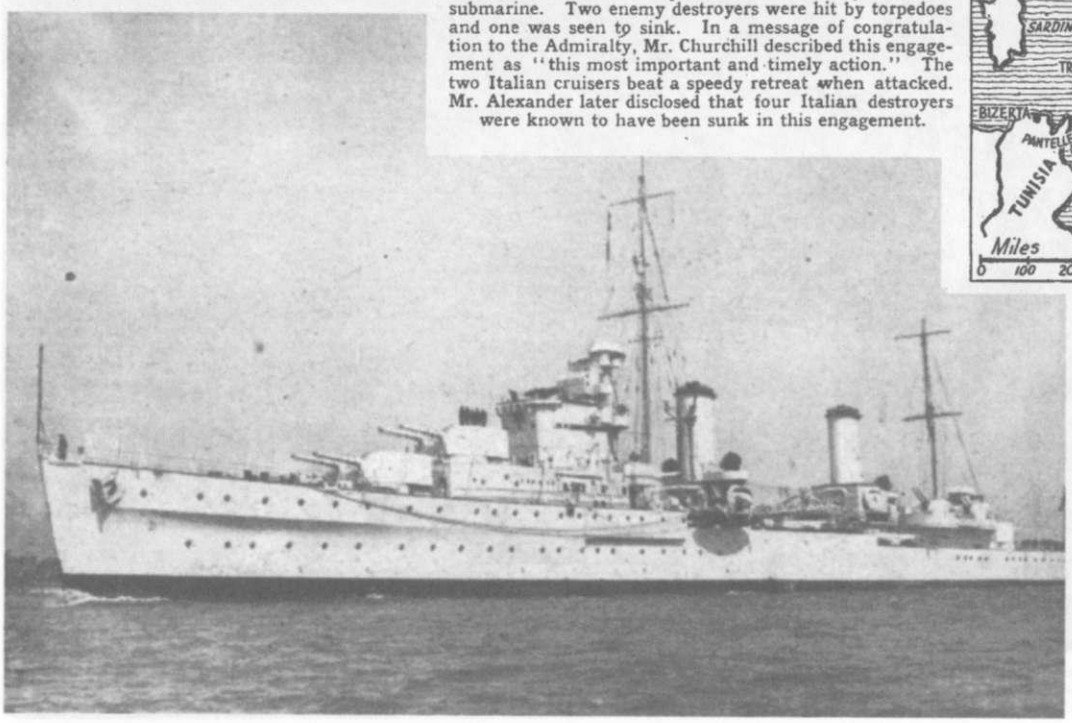
Capt. W. G. AGNEW, commanding H.M.S. *Aurora*, though only 42, has been in the Navy for 30 years. He was awarded the C.B. for the brilliant Mediterranean engagement of Nov. 9.

Lt.-Commander W. F. HUSSEY, commanding H.M.S. *Lively*, one of the destroyers which took part in the action here described.

ON November 9, two days before the anniversary of the Battle of Taranto, a patrolling force of British naval units annihilated two convoys of enemy supply ships. The first enemy convoy, consisting of eight ships escorted by destroyers, was sighted south of Taranto on the afternoon of November 8 by an R.A.F. Maryland on reconnaissance. A patrolling force, consisting of the cruisers H.M.S. *Aurora* and H.M.S. *Penelope* and the destroyers H.M.S. *Lance* and H.M.S. *Lively*, were directed to intercept. They made contact with the enemy at about 1 a.m. on November 9, when it was found that the convoy had been joined by another of two supply ships escorted by two destroyers. The operation was being covered by two powerful 10,000-ton 8-inch-gun cruisers of the Trento class.

Despite the disparity of force, Captain Agnew of the *Aurora* immediately engaged. Nine of the ten enemy supply ships were set on fire and sunk, one being an ammunition ship, which blew up. The tenth, a tanker, was left blazing furiously. Of the Italian warships, it was reported that two escorting destroyers were sunk and one damaged. No casualties or damage were sustained by the British ships. Later the remnant of Italian naval escort was intercepted and attacked by a British submarine. Two enemy destroyers were hit by torpedoes and one was seen to sink. In a message of congratulation to the Admiralty, Mr. Churchill described this engagement as "this most important and timely action." The two Italian cruisers beat a speedy retreat when attacked. Mr. Alexander later disclosed that four Italian destroyers were known to have been sunk in this engagement.

Area south of Taranto, in the Central Mediterranean, where British naval forces annihilated two escorted convoys, sank two enemy destroyers and damaged one, which ultimately sank, without loss or casualties.



H.M.S. *PENELOPE*, sister ship to the *Aurora*, was completed in November 1936. Both ships are of the improved *Arethusa* class. In the Mediterranean action described above *Penelope* was commanded by Capt. A. D. Nicholl, R.N.

*Photos, Wright & Logan, "Daily Mirror," Topical Press. Map by courtesy of "News Chronicle"*

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# What Is it Like in a U-Boat in Winter?

**Although the Battle of the Atlantic is not yet won, it seems to be going not too badly for us, and we are certainly much better prepared for the fray than we were a year ago. But Mr. Churchill revealed in the House of Commons on Nov. 12 that there were never so many U-boats at work as now, and they may be expected to put up a stern fight.**

NEVER pleasant at the best of times, life in a U-boat in an Atlantic swept by winter gales must be a nightmare of anxiety and dangerous labour. Speaking from Zeesen the other night, a German "front reporter" told his listeners that "the last weeks have been more difficult, as you all know. They were especially taxing for the nerves of our crews. Yet our brave U-boat men fought splendidly."

U-boats are small craft, smaller as a rule than those which were employed in the war of a quarter of a century ago. The largest, the ocean-going type, has a surface displacement of about 750 tons and a length of 275 feet. The sea-going and coastal types have surface displacements of 500 and 250 tons respectively, and a length of 200 feet and 140 feet. Some of the bigger ships of von Tirpitz's U-boat fleet had a surface displacement in excess of 2,000 tons.

Even in calm weather, in a smooth sea, submarines pitch and toss considerably, and in stormy weather some of the boats are very heavy rollers. It is not at all unusual for the entire complement of a submarine to be violently seasick; and there is always the risk of accidents, when men are flung against the sides of the little vessel or come into contact with moving machinery. When submerged the boats are often bitterly cold, since the commander may decide that he cannot spare any of his precious "juice" for the electric stoves; when on the surface the boats are warmed by steam heaters run by the Diesel oil engines, which are the main propellants above water. In cold weather the decks may be covered with ice and snow; the hatchways may be frozen hard, and the periscopes jammed by the ice and their glass frosted over. There can hardly be any more unpleasant job than chipping off the ice formed on a submarine's deck, when a heavy sea is rolling and the temperature is somewhere below freezing.

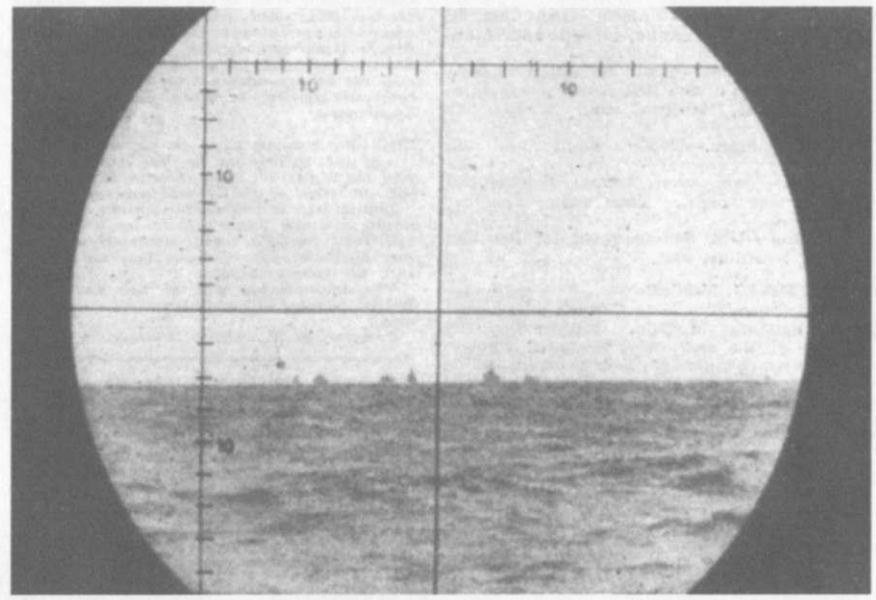
## Firing the Torpedoes

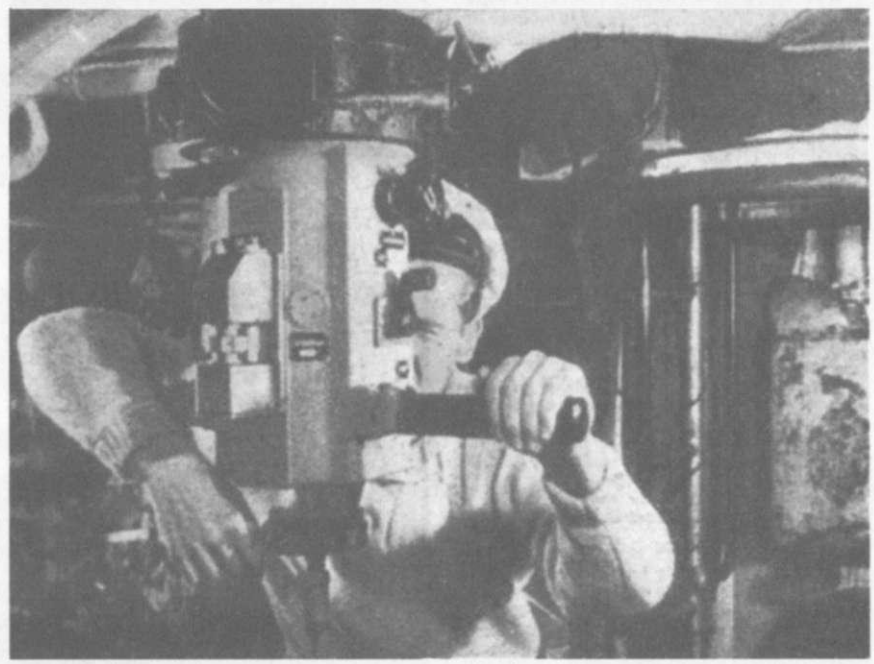
Submariners have expressed a preference for choppy weather over the smooth seas of summer, since in the latter the periscope moving through the water leaves a feather-like trail, all too easily spotted from the air; in a rolling sea, on the other hand, the tell-tale feather is not to be distinguished in a moving waste of "white horses." But there is a difference between a choppy sea and those seas produced by winter gales in the Atlantic. Then it is usually impossible to see any distance ahead, and a target may appear and disappear in the most tantalizing fashion. A commander usually strives to arrange matters so that he fires his torpedoes at an approaching ship from an angle of 45 degrees. In bad weather, however, it often proves impossible to take a good aim; he must just take his chance, hoping for a lucky hit. Moreover, the torpedo is likely to be deflected from its course by the mountainous waves.

Then when the chaser becomes chased, when the U-boat's presence has been detected and the destroyers are prowling around dropping their depth charges as they go—then the U-boat's life is full of menace. To surface may be next to suicide; but a U-boat cannot remain below water indefinitely. After about 48 hours it must be surfaced in order that it may recharge its batteries and replenish its supplies of fresh air. At full speed it cannot remain below water for more than an hour or two.

When a U-boat is cornered in deep water, it is usually sent to the bottom with the loss of all its crew; in shallow water, however, there is a reasonable possibility of some, at least, of the men managing to escape and be picked up. Recently it was announced by the Admiralty that a total of 1,276 officers and men have been rescued from sunken enemy U-boats and are held as prisoners-of-war; of these, 467 are stated to be Italians. For obvious reasons the Admiralty has not revealed from how many U-boats the prisoners were taken, but on the experience of the last war it has been suggested that some 190 U-boats have been sent to the bottom. It is very difficult to estimate the figure, however, since numbers of U-boats must have been sunk in deep water without leaving any trace—*spurlos versenkt*, as the Germans phrased it in the last war. But certain it is that Hitler has lost some thousands of U-boat men—men of a service in which years are required to attain proficiency.

Certain it is, too (since Admiral Raeder, Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy, has published their obituary notices), that three of Germany's U-boat aces have lost their lives: Cmdr. Prien, who sank the *Royal Oak* in October 1939, and the *Arandora Star* in July 1940, is stated to have perished on March 7; ten days later Lt.-Cmdr. Schepke was lost, and on May 9, Lt.-Cmdr. Lemp.





**U-BOAT VIEW of a British convoy. Above, the German submarine commander scans the surface of the ocean through his periscope and is rewarded by the sight of a British convoy upon the horizon (top). The graduated black lines across the field of vision enable him to judge the size and distance of the vessels. Yet such is the efficiency of British listening devices, aerial reconnaissance and other counter-submarine measures, that few U-boats get within effective striking distance of their target.** *Photos, Associated Press*

# Our Diary of the War

***THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1941*** *796th day*

**Air.**—Night attacks on Wilhelmshaven, Hamburg and N.W. Germany as well as extensive mine-laying operations in enemy waters.

**Russian Front.**—Little change in the general situation. Germans claimed Sebastopol under fire. Stalin spoke on the occasion of the 24th anniversary of the Russian Revolution. He estimated Nazi losses in Russia at 4,500,000.

**Mediterranean.** — Augusta and Licata, Sicily, raided on night of Nov. 5-6. Naples raided on night of Nov. 6-7.

**Africa.**—Aerodrome at Castel Benito raided during night of Nov. 5-6. Benghazi also attacked.

**Home.**—Ban on coast visits between the Wash and the Thames and from Littlehampton to Hastings suspended until Feb. 15. A few bombs were dropped by night in E. Anglia and S.E. England.

***FRIDAY, NOV. 7*** *797th day*

**Air.**—Bomb-carrying Hurricanes took part in a sweep over N. France. Great force of bombers attacked Berlin, Cologne and Mannheim at night.

**Russian Front.**—Little territorial change. Great Parade of the Red Army was held in Red Square, Moscow, and another at Kuibishev.

**Mediterranean.**—Heavy night raid on Brindisi.

**Home.**—Two coast towns dive-bombed during the night. One enemy bomber destroyed.

**General.**—U.S. Senate voted for Revision of the Neutrality Act.

***SATURDAY, NOV. 8*** *798th day*

**Air.**—Dawn attack on German administrative buildings in Oslo. Biggest daylight sweep of the war over Occupied France. Factories at St. Pol and Lens bombed. Night attack on Essen, Dusseldorf and W. Germany, also docks at Ostend and Dunkirk.

**Russian Front.**—Little change in the general situation. Soviet counter-attacks on N.E. sector of Leningrad front announced by Moscow.

**Mediterranean.** — Successful attack by R.A.F. on enemy convoy in Central Mediterranean.

***SUNDAY, NOV. 9*** *799th day*

**Air.**—Night attack on targets in N.W. Germany.

**Russian Front.**—Yalta, in Crimea, occupied by Nazis. Thrust at Murmansk supply line held. Fierce fighting around Kalinin and Volokolamsk.

**Mediterranean.**—Two Axis convoys annihilated south of Taranto. Three escorting destroyers sunk. Another destroyer later sunk by British submarine. Naples and Brindisi raided at night by R.A.F.

**Home.**—Attack on S.E. coast town at night. One enemy bomber destroyed.

**General.**—Col. Knox announced establishment of a complete U.S. operational base at Iceland.

***MONDAY, NOV. 10*** *800th day*

**Sea.**—Admiralty announced loss of H.M.S. *Cossack*.

**Air.**—Mr. Churchill announced that British Air Force was now at least equal in size and numbers to the Luftwaffe.

**Russian Front.**—New Nazi drive to isolate Leningrad. Germans claimed capture of Tikhvin, 110 miles S.E. of Leningrad. Soviet cavalry in action on Moscow front.

**Mediterranean.**—Naples raided by R.A.F.

**Africa.**—Night raid on Benghazi.

**Home.**—Slight activity over E. and N.E. coasts. Two Nazi planes destroyed.

***TUESDAY, NOV. 11*** *801st day*

**Russian Front.**—Big battle around Serpukhov for the crossings of River Oka. Bitter fighting at Tula, south of Moscow. Russians announced evacuation of Bakchisarai, 24 miles N. of Sebastopol. Germans claimed Mariental, 20 miles from Kerch.

**Mediterranean.** — Admiralty announced sinking of six enemy supply ships and the crippling of four more by British submarines. Naples raided by R.A.F. bombers. Seaplane base and railway station at Syracuse attacked.

### MOSCOW'S TRIBUTE TO BRITAIN

**AT present there is a lull on the Western Front, but this does not mean that the British people are not preparing for the fight. They are assembling all their forces and are strengthening their defences.**

**The British people fight bravely and stubbornly and succeed in getting out of the toughest situations with honour. After Dunkirk Hitler shouted victory, thinking that this evacuation meant the end of British resistance. This was a mistake. The British people withstood the mass German air raids on London, Coventry, Birmingham, Liverpool and other towns. They never thought of capitulating because, like the Soviet people, they do not want to live under Hitler's yoke. They are determined to fight till Hitler's final collapse.**

**The mighty British Navy has grown in numbers and in strength. It crushed German naval power, inflicting many cruel defeats, especially on those German ships which tried to interfere with the communications between the British Isles and the British Dominions overseas and America. The powerful fleet of our ally guards the seas and watches over the convoys with military cargoes which are constantly arriving in British and now also in Soviet ports.**

**THE Soviet people stand on the advanced lines of the battle-front in this great hour of trial, but the day will come when the British people will also stand on the forward positions.**

**Difficult days of trial are in store for us, for the people of Great Britain and for the whole anti-Nazi front, but their heroic endurance will prove that spiritually and materially they are stronger than the German bandits.**

**The indomitable will of the Soviet and British peoples will see this war to a victorious end.**

*Broadcast by M. Viktorov, November 5, 1941.*

***WEDNESDAY, NOV. 12*** *802nd day*

**Russian Front.**—Nazi divisions repulsed near Tula. In Leningrad sector Russians claimed to be still holding Tikhvin. Soviet aircraft made night attack on Koenigsberg and Riga.

**Mediterranean.**—Naples attacked at night by R.A.F. Gela, Sicily, attacked by Hurricane bombers.

**Africa.**—Officially announced that Italian positions at Gondar, Abyssinia had been encircled by Allied troops, after capture of Gianda. Fayum area, S.W. of Cairo, raided by enemy aircraft.

**Home.**—New session of Parliament opened by King.

**General.**—Gen. Huntziger, Vichy war minister, killed in air crash. Finland rejected U.S. suggestion that she should cease hostilities.

***THURSDAY, NOV. 13*** *803rd day*

**Russian Front.**—Germans claimed to have broken through the defences across the Kerch Isthmus in the Crimea.

**Home.**—A few enemy raiders dropped bombs at night in S.W. England.

**General.**—Bill to Amend U.S. Neutrality Act passed House of Representatives. Japan closed Canton River, west of Hong-Kong.

***FRIDAY, NOV. 14*** *804th day*

**Sea.**—Admiralty announced loss of the aircraft carrier *Ark Royal*, torpedoed by a U-boat. Moscow announced sinking of five German transports—two in the Barents Sea and three in the Baltic.

**Russian Front.**—Heavy fighting in front of Sebastopol and Kerch. After a fortnight's battle Russians dislodged Nazis from heights near Naro Fominsk, by the River Nara, with the loss of 29,000 killed and wounded.

**Mediterranean.**—Night attack by R.A.F. on Brindisi as well as Catania, in Sicily.

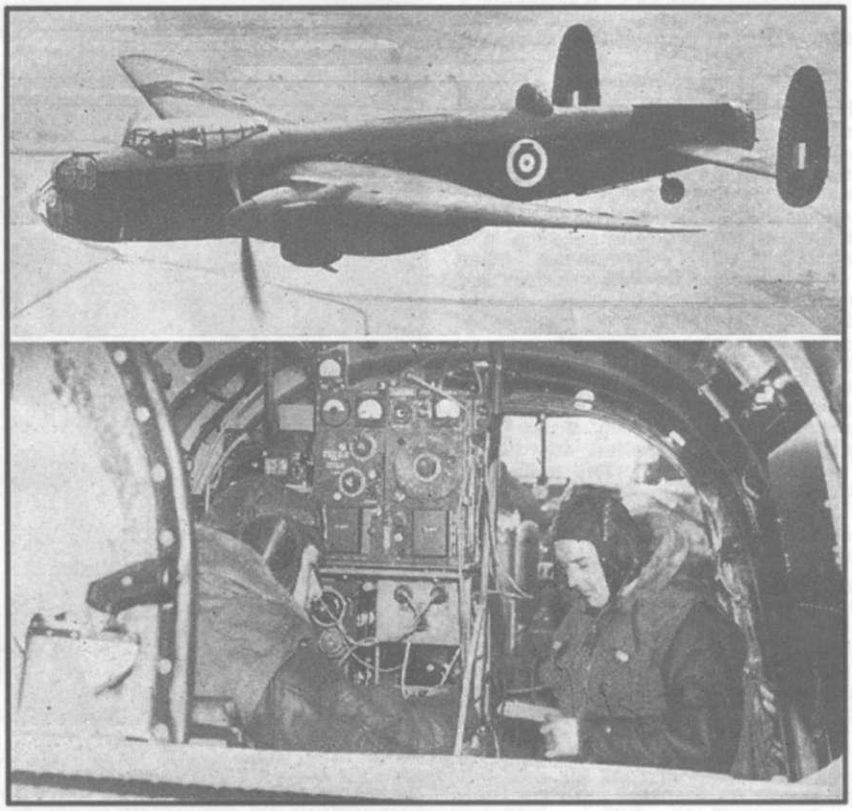
**Africa.**—Night attacks by R.A.F. on objectives at Benghazi, Berka, Bardia and Derna Aerodromes at Barce and Murtuba also attacked by S.A.A.F.

***SATURDAY, NOV. 15*** *805th day*

**Air.**—Offensive sweep over Occupied France by Hurricane bombers and Spitfires. Night raids on Emden and N.W. Germany.

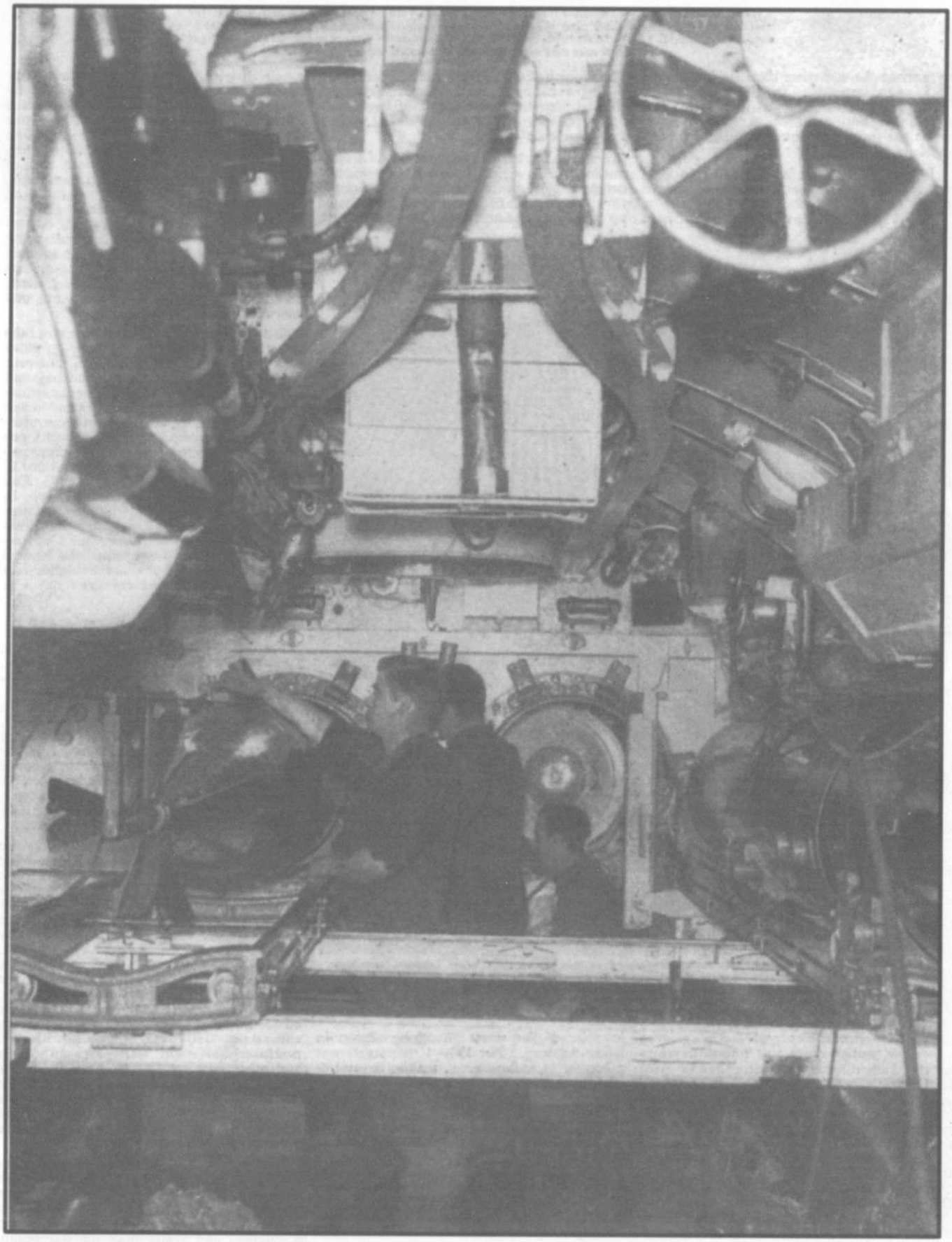
**Russian Front.**—Crimea still the scene of bitter fighting. Moscow announced failure of a German landing attempt on Murmansk coast. 20 boats sunk by Russian fire and two companies of Nazi troops destroyed.

**Home.**—Two enemy bombers shot down off E. Coast. N.E. Coast town raided during day. Slight enemy activity at night.



**THE AVRO MANCHESTER, new type of twin-engined aircraft now in service with Bomber Command, in flight (top). Beneath, the wireless operator and one of the crew inside the machine.** *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

# Have You Ever Been Inside a Submarine?



**TORPEDO ROOM** of a British submarine at a base port, showing a torpedo being loaded into the firing tube. A reservoir of compressed air at a pressure of 2,000 lb. per sq. in. is stored in tanks to fire the torpedoes, and the actual firing is done by a compressed air cylinder, at 500 lb. pressure, which forces the torpedo out of the tube. Since the discharge would upset the balance of the boat unless immediately compensated, torpedo-trimming tanks are placed near the torpedo tubes. Early submarines carried only two torpedo tubes, but later models, like the Triton class, may have as many as ten.

*Photo, Planet News*

# This 'Fertile Island' is Now a Food Factory

**"Every endeavour must be made to produce the greatest volume of food of which this fertile island is capable," said the Prime Minister on November 5, 1940. A year later he was able to congratulate all who have to do with the land, farmer and farm-worker alike, on the very great expansion that they have made in our home food production.**

BEFORE the war more than half our food was imported. In 1939, indeed, the farming industry was in a much less favourable position than in 1917 to cope with the great task of feeding Britain's millions.

For one thing, the land devoted to food production was 2½ million acres less—an area nearly equal to the counties of Lancashire, Cheshire and Durham. Much had been taken for aerodromes and factories, even more for garden cities and ribbon development; while thousands of acres had reverted to the waste lands of scrubland, bracken and grazing. Then the area under the plough had fallen by 4½ million acres. Yet the population to be fed had risen by 6¾ millions, from 41 millions in 1917 to 47¾ millions today. For every thousand acres cultivated in the last war there were about 1,200 people, whereas in 1940 there were over 1,500 people for every thousand acres. In 1939, too, the cattle population was a record; over 6 million tons of foodstuffs had to be imported for our farm livestock.

There were more men and more beasts to be fed from less land. There were also fewer people to do the job—about a quarter of a million fewer than in the last war. On the other hand, whereas towards the end of the last war there were probably fewer than 5,000 tractors in use on our farms, today there are over 100,000.

Immediately the war broke out the Government launched a great "Grow More Food" campaign. The first target was an additional two million acres of grassland to be ploughed up; this was attained, even slightly exceeded, in spite of the worst ploughing season in living memory. For 1940–41 the target was a further 1¾ million acres, making a total of 3¾ million acres ploughed up since war broke out. All over the country land is now under cultivation which has never been cultivated in living memory, if, indeed, at all. Downland in the south of England, fenland in Norfolk and Cambridge, horrible stiff clayland in Huntingdon, undeveloped building land in the Home Counties, commons throughout the country, hilltops in Wales, even golf courses—have been requisitioned and are now bearing bumper crops.

To an ever greater extent our farms are growing the essential food we need: more wheat for our daily bread, enough sugar beet to supply our household sugar ration, enough barley to provide the whole of our requirements in beer. If it be asked why we are ploughing up grassland that feeds the beasts that give us meat and milk, here is one answer: ten acres of meat-producing pasture feed one person, and of milk-producing pasture, four persons; while ten acres of wheat feed 21 persons, and of potatoes, 42. Since there is less grassland for cattle and sheep, and since far less food is being imported for them, some reduction of our livestock population has been inevitable. But that reduction has been kept to the minimum since farmers are now growing more oats and beans, kale and mangolds and swedes, and turning more of their grass and other crops into silage for winter food.

**THE PLOUGHMAN'S CRAFT is well exemplified in this scene on a West Lothian farm near Queensferry, with its straight furrows stretching to the Firth of Forth in the distance. After a recommendation by the Central Agricultural Wages Board of a national minimum wage of 56s. per week for farm workers, most of the county Wages Committees moved for a minimum wage of £3. Surely the man who draws these furrows is worth it!** *Photo, Fox*

But the farmers are doing much more than this; they are also using more fertilizer to get "an extra sack to the acre" of wheat or potatoes, to get extra grass and hay and root crops for their stocks. They are draining their fields, cleaning out their ditches and water courses, dealing with overgrown hedges, and tackling energetically such pests as rats and rabbits that do great damage to the crops. Rats, it is estimated, do £25 million worth of damage annually. *Every rat costs a farmer* £1 *a year to keep.* In Lancashire the War Agriculture Committee has offered to pay 1d. into the Red Cross Agricultural Fund for every rat's tail collected through the branches of the National Farmers' Union. Thus it is that while every live rat helps Hitler, every dead one helps the Red Cross.

## More Labour for the Land!

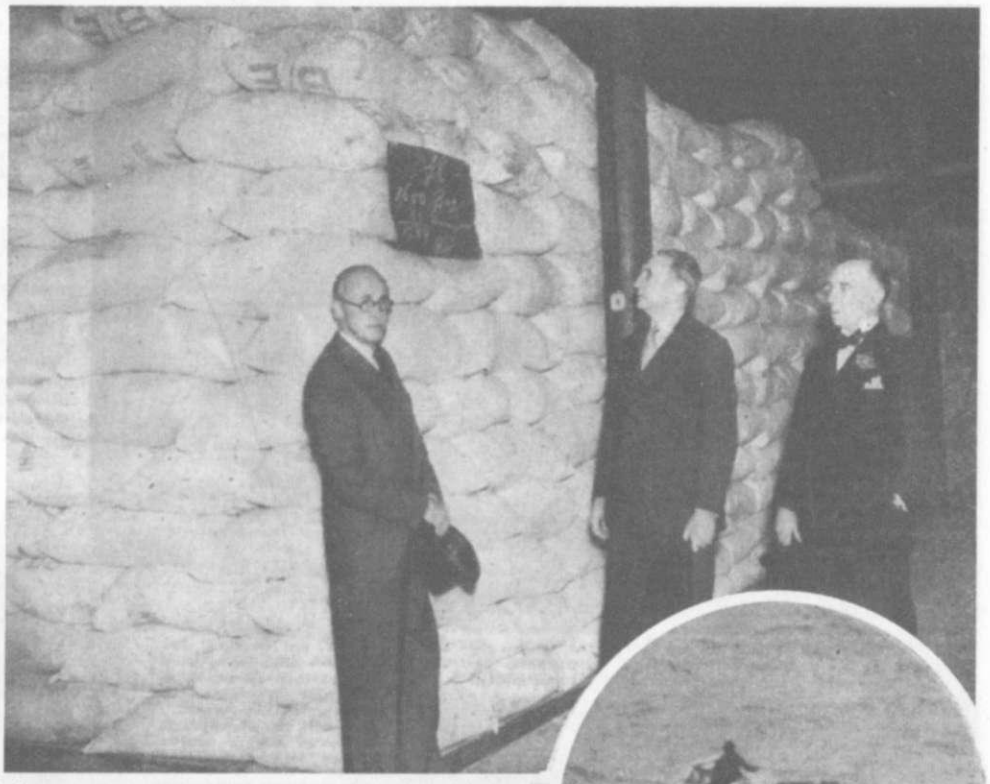
Farm workers of every kind are not sparing themselves in the fight for food production. They are working long hours in the fields with their horses, tractors, and implements. Their numbers are being supplemented in various ways. The Women's Land Army, now numbering some 18,000, are doing grand work. Units of the Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps have been lent as drainage gangs. Over 3,000 conscientious objectors are employed in agriculture and forestry. Schoolboys and students have spent their holidays on the land with excellent results.

The campaign is being directed by the Ministry of Agriculture through its War Agricultural Executive Committee. In each county there are an Executive Officer and a committee of practical farmers with full knowledge of local conditions. There are 7,500 of these committeemen, all voluntary workers who are doing a great job of work. The County Committees have wide powers and duties. They give directions as to the grassland to be ploughed up on each farm, and they are always ready to give the farmer advice on all his many problems—cropping, cultivation, fertilizers, foodstuffs, labour, machinery and credit. They hire out tractors and other farm implements provided by the Ministry. They can also take over, with the Ministry's consent, derelict or badly farmed land, and arrange for it to be cultivated properly. Some thousands of acres have been taken over in this way.

Finally, we must mention the "Dig For Victory" campaign—the effort of the small man, particularly the townsman, to increase home food production. Well over half a million new allotments have been taken up in England and Wales since the war began, and the total now exceeds 1½ million, not including the thousands of private and railway allotments and countless private gardens which have been turned over to vegetables.

# Thanks to Them Our Larder Is Well-Stocked

VICTOR STROBRIDGE, blown up seven times and sunk five times in this war while helping to bring supplies to Britain.



FOOD DEPOT, where thousands of 2-cwt. bags of flour are stored. The flour seen here was imported from Canada, thanks to the men of the Merchant Navy.

SAIDI ALI spent several hours in the water after his ship was sunk. "It was veddy cold," was his comment.

FOOD FOR BRITAIN arrives in increasing quantities, thanks to the protection of the Royal Navy and the devotion to duty of the men of the Merchant Service. In addition to meeting our current needs, a vast national larder has been stocked ready for any emergency and ten thousand storehouses are scattered over the country with a variety of foodstuffs apportioned between them. At every mealtime think of the man in the circle above—the only survivor of a torpedoed ship's crew—who drifted for eleven days on a raft in mid-Atlantic, with the dead bodies of two of his officers beside him. If it weren't for men like this the country might now be starving.

*Photos, Ministry of Information, Keystone, Central Press*

# Should Animals Be Used in Modern War?

SOMEWHERE in the London area is the Army School of Dog Training, where some 60 dogs are trained to work with reconnaissance patrols, in listening posts, and in liaison duties between the front line and Company H.Q. For the most part they are Alsatians ; but included in their number are Border collies, sheep-dogs, Labradors, and even cross-breeds. All have their points, but the individual is more important than the breed.

A "recruit"—all the dogs are lent by their owners for the duration of the war—is on probation for a month or six weeks. Then, if suitable—about 30 per cent fail in their "final"—he (or she) "graduates" in two to three months as a messenger dog, and in four months for patrol duties. Scent power and silence are the qualities most prized. The dogs must never bark ; they warn by "pointing" their tails and muzzles. Gun dogs are generally unsuitable because of their scent for game. Most of the training is done in the dark, and includes subjection to sudden noises, explosions and smoke (see photo below). Already quite a number of the dogs are on active service.

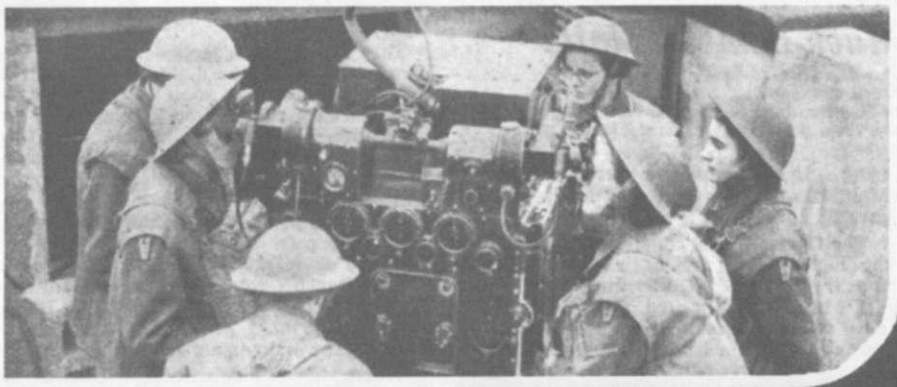
**Horses killed in the fighting on the East Front, where they are still used as an auxiliary to mechanical transport. So our "dumb friends" are involved in "Man's inhumanity!"**

**Circle, an Alsatian, one of many dogs being used for various purposes in this war, is trained to face a smoke-screen. Beneath, this photograph from an Italian source shows bombs bursting amid rebel Arabs and their camels somewhere in the Libyan Desert—a terrifying experience for the tribesmen, but surely worse far for the unhappy beasts.**

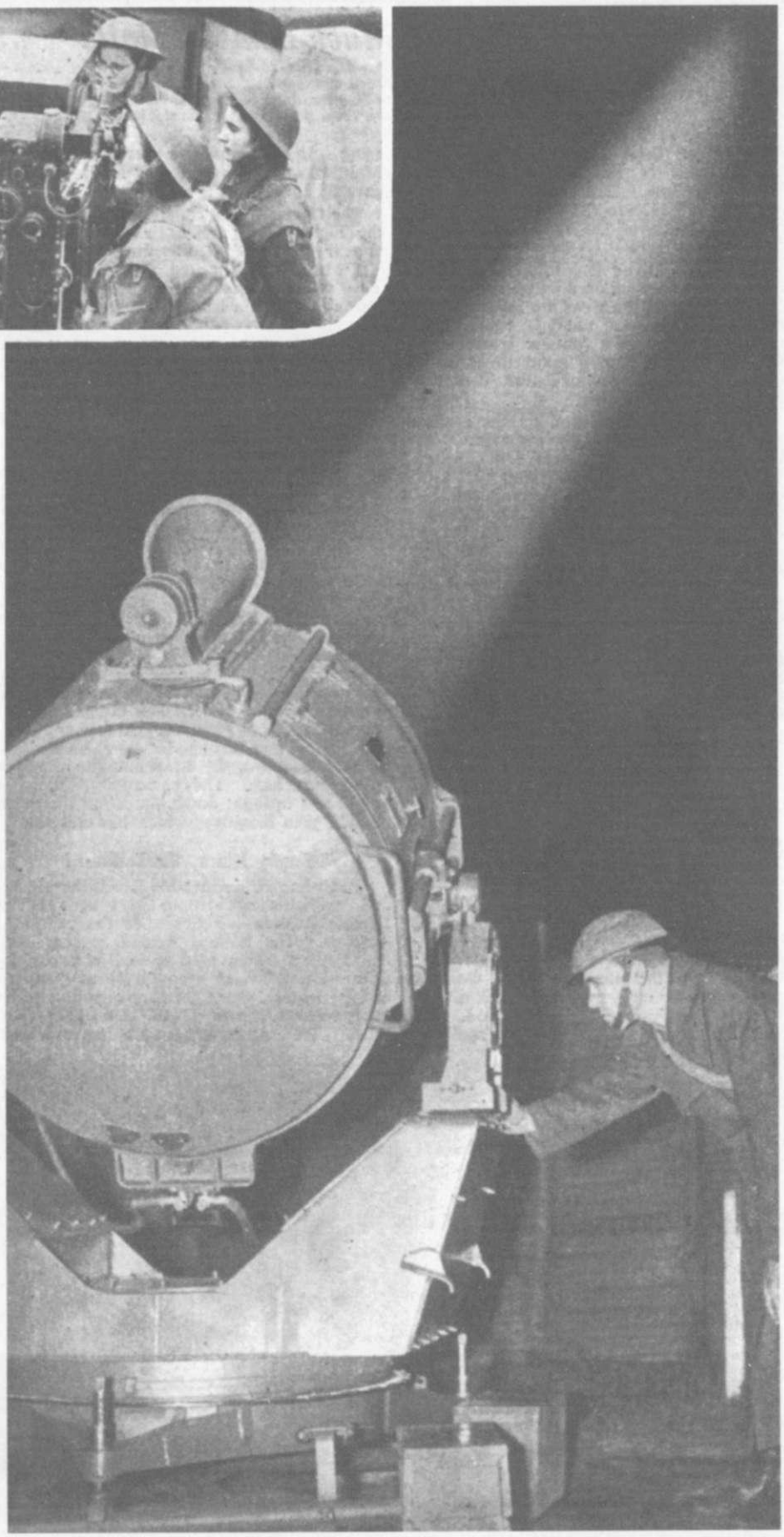
**A carrier pigeon just released from an aeroplane operating from a coastal aerodrome at the Cape of Good Hope. Pigeons are used to carry important messages when contact by wireless is impossible or liable to interception.**

*Photos, Keystone, South African Official, E.N.A.*

# All Together Against the Peril by Night



A.T.S. girls on duty at a predictor. They are doing valuable work in countering enemy air attacks, and some of them went into action for the first time on November 1.



THE numbers of Britain's military and civilian defence against the enemy air raider have developed since the war began into a vast and complex organization. A.T.S. girls, A.A. gunners, wardens, police, fire-fighters, are all linked together in a spirit of proud camaraderie. Profiting by our grim experiences, by new methods and rigorous training, the nation stands four-square against any attack or possible attack that the Nazis may launch. Lull or no lull, the order of the night is "Be ready!"

In regard to civilian defence, the organization will be reinforced by the call-up of girls and youths for part-time duty, and it is proposed to bring in men in their 40s for whole-time duty.

The beam of a searchlight probes the sky for enemy raiders. In the circle, a spotter, protected by a ring of sandbags, in a chair specially adapted for its purpose, keeps vigil with powerful glasses. He is linked by telephone to the searchlight site. Left, fire-watchers report All Clear to the Wardens' Post, a scene typical of the nocturnal civilian defence of Britain. *Photos, G.P.U., Topical*

# I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

## My Life as a Boy in Much-Bombed Malta

Recently the editor received from John Mizzi, a 16-year-old reader of "The War Illustrated" in Malta, a letter describing his experiences during the many air raids to which that historic island has been subjected. So vividly written is it, so interesting, that we reprint the greater part of it here.

TOURISTS used to call Malta "The Island of Sunshine and Beauty." It's now "The Island of Air-raids and Ruins." Up to the time of writing the island has had over 820 Alerts and more than 300 bombing raids.

I would be lying if I told you we were happy when Italy declared war. Far from it! When we heard the news we looked rather glum. But we were ready! Malta would remain British! We Maltese treasure freedom. We fought for it many times in past days, and we will fight for it now, if need be, again. Let them come!

They came! At 6 a.m. on the morning of June 11 Malta heard the siren for the first time. I did not, for I was sound asleep; but I soon woke up. Many who were asleep like me thought it was A.A. practice. So I thought at first, but when I went on the roof I knew it wasn't. I saw bombs bursting about two miles from where I was. Our ack-ack was merrily blazing away at the enemy planes. After half an hour came the Raiders Passed signal. But the siren wailed again. Its wailing gives you a sickening feeling. They came over eight times that day! The last raid at sunset was the worst raid I ever experienced. It was a very fierce raid. There's no harm now in telling you (as she is sunk) that H.M.S. *Terror* was their principal objective. The ship put up a magnificent fight. The ship's personnel had been drying the clothes on deck and I can still picture the crew running about among the clothes, all eager to arrive first on the guns and have a crack at the "wop." They succeeded in hitting one plane. The crew baled out, but to bale out amidst all that flying shrapnel was sheer madness. They all floated down, dead.

This first experience of air-warfare will never fade from my brain. Nor will the horrors some of the bombed-out victims related. On the morrow Malta woke up, bathed in hate for a nation so cruel, a nation who had overnight forgotten God. They would not leave us. They came again and again. But the more one tries to conquer the Maltese spirit the more we resist. Hatred gave us courage!

The Germans first came over Malta during the night. They made their first daylight appearance in the Mediterranean on January 12, when they attacked a British convoy. They sank the *Southampton*, but the *Gallant*, though broken in half, was brought safely to port; and so was the *Illustrious*. It had a gaping hole in the bows and was down at an alarming angle. A Red Cross plane in the morning flew over on reconnaissance and saw the ship. On the afternoon of January, at about 2 o'clock, the German Air Force darkened the Malta sky. They were met by the fiercest barrage ever. Their planes were either shot out of the sky, or else went to Sicily, leaving behind them a trail of smoke. They came on the following Saturday and Sunday and we shot down 39 planes in all. They only hit the *Illustrious* once, and they kept away after that. When their wounds were healed they came again. It was the aerodrome's turn now. But they found daylight bombing too costly, for we shot down a large number of their planes, and the damage done was out of proportion to the number of bombs dropped, so they took to night bombing. Their targets then were the military hospital and civilian houses. Then, on the last day of April, they came over during the night and dropped heavy bombs on Valetta and brought down half the principal shopping centre. They came on the following night and brought down almost all the other buildings in Kingsway which had escaped.

### Funny Liars, the Italians!

But when Hitler invaded Russia he needed all available aircraft to hurl against the heroic Russian Air Force, so the Luftwaffe left us. The Italians started coming over again then. They used to send a reconnaissance aircraft over, escorted by as many as thirty fighters. Our fighters always shot down the reconnaissance plane. So, as a last resort, the Italians last month sent over two reconnaissance aircraft. *One* must return home, they thought. But our fighters shot both down, and three fighters for company, one of the pilots being the Italian Commander of their Air Force in the Mediterranean, General Federigi.

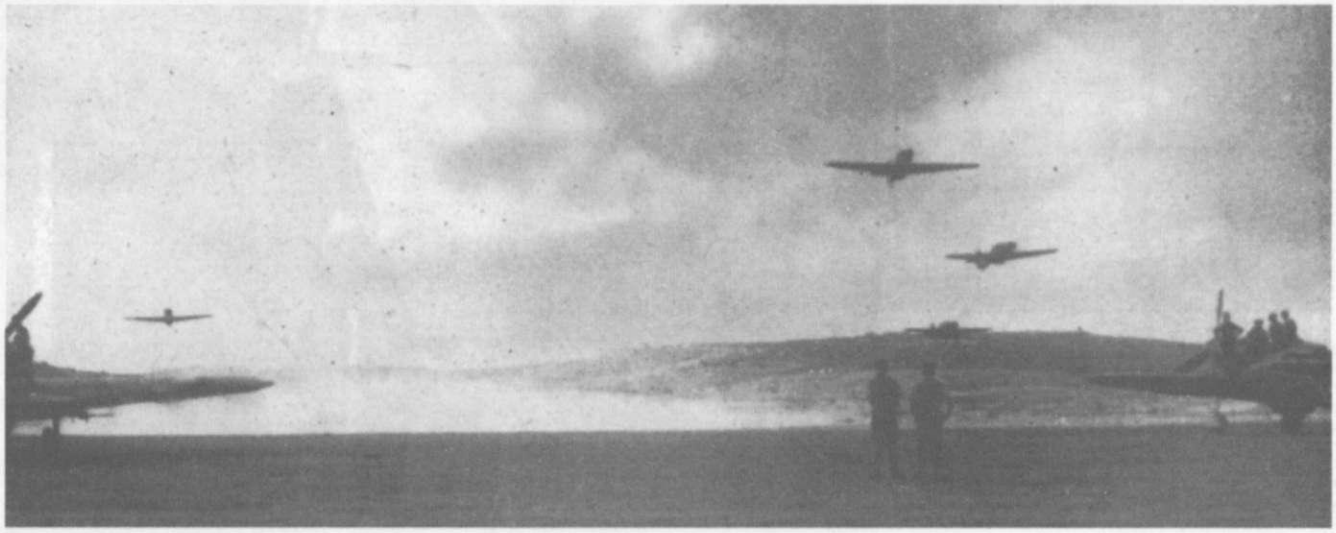
They changed their tactics again now. They come over during the night and drop a rain of incendiaries. As soon as they fall the incendiaries make a fine display, and the island seems to be floodlit, but they soon fizzle out. The night bombers are not having it their own way, for when more than one plane comes over, our searchlights always pick them out, and our fighters shoot many down in flames. When we shoot any down, we have at least two raidless nights. The Italians haven't got any planes to spare now. As a postscript to a raid, we switch on the Italian radio at 5 p.m. and have a hearty laugh. The Italians are funny liars!

When the Italians are overhead our bombers take off and fly over enemy territory. Even during the day our Blenheims, Marylands and "Beaus" take off and drop their bombs on enemy shipping. Even our Hurricanes now are showing an offensive spirit, and they carry out frequent sweeps over Sicily. They rarely meet any Italian fighters, but woe betide the unfortunate fellow who is occasionally seen. He is shot down. The Air Minister has congratulated the Malta Command on its offensive spirit.

### When a Convoy Enters Harbour

The Navy, too, is helping us to carry on. They bring the convoys safely in, though attacked by numerous waves of bombers. You in England don't hear much about this—it's secret—but we here appreciate it immensely. When a convoy enters harbour we cheer the ships in, and later we give dances, the crews and captains of the ships in the harbour being the guests of honour.

The Royal Malta Artillery was in the news lately. Italian torpedo-boats tried to torpedo the ships of a convoy in harbour. We had had a night raid before and I was still on the roof, when suddenly the searchlights were switched on and began sweeping the sea. Then the coastal batteries opened fire. Not one of the torpedo-boats returned back to Italy. All seventeen were either sunk or captured. Some of the crews were taken prisoner. The soldiers who had manned the guns during the attack were given a fortnight's leave. It was a glorious victory for us, and another fiasco for the Italian Navy. We have had attacks from the sea and air. We are only waiting for the Italians to try to land . . .



**MALTA'S DEFENCES include, naturally enough, the ubiquitous Hurricanes, some of which are here seen taking off from a Maltese airfield to intercept Italian raiders. But Malta is now passing from the defensive to the offensive and, as the Maltese boy says in the article in this page, "even during the day our Blenheims, Marylands, and 'Beaus' take off and drop their bombs on enemy shipping." Sicily, too, is the objective of ever-increasing raids by the R.A.F., many of them being made by the new type of Hurricane bomber.** *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

I WAS THERE!

# I Am Captain of a Band of Russian Guerillas

Recently, War Correspondent Khamadan with the Red Army at the front contacted in the heart of the forest a guerilla detachment. On parting, the guerilla commander, Vassili G., gave Khamadan a battered note-book from which the following extracts were taken.

**SEPTEMBER 3**: I have been appointed commander of the guerilla detachment. I took the guerillas' oath not to spare my life in the merciless struggle against the Nazi bandits.

**9.** Germans got on our track as soon as we left M. They surrounded the village, noticed our departure and cut us off—trying to push us on to the road. They numbered a whole company, with machine-guns and automatic rifles. We just managed to beat them off. I got my ear shot through. Comrade V. was wounded in the hand, but is not complaining. The Germans lost six dead and an undetermined number of wounded.

**13.** Mined the road between K. and C. Hid in the bushes alongside the road. The first to appear were four motor-cyclists with machine-guns. Then three motor lorries carrying ammunition. The first lorry blew up and the second smashed into it and caught fire. Eight soldiers were killed. Third lorry exploded. No losses on our side.

**15.** An old collective-farmer arrived from the village of Beliaevka. He wept as he told us about the atrocities there. The Germans threw 14 wounded Red Army men and commanders and two collective-farmers into a house, splashed the walls with kerosene and then set fire to it. Girls were violated and kept in a separate house. For three days one could hear their cries and the sound of shots. A company of Germans is in the village, one platoon keeping guard.

We promised to come to Beliaevka on September 17. We arrived during the night. First we killed the guards. The rest of the Germans were all drunk. We killed more, than 50 of them with grenades. The remainder fled. We freed the girls—all of them with their hands tied, all naked, and beaten black and blue. Among them were girls of 12 to 15 years.

**20.** Disabled our first tank today. Serozha did it with a grenade. Well done! It was well smashed.

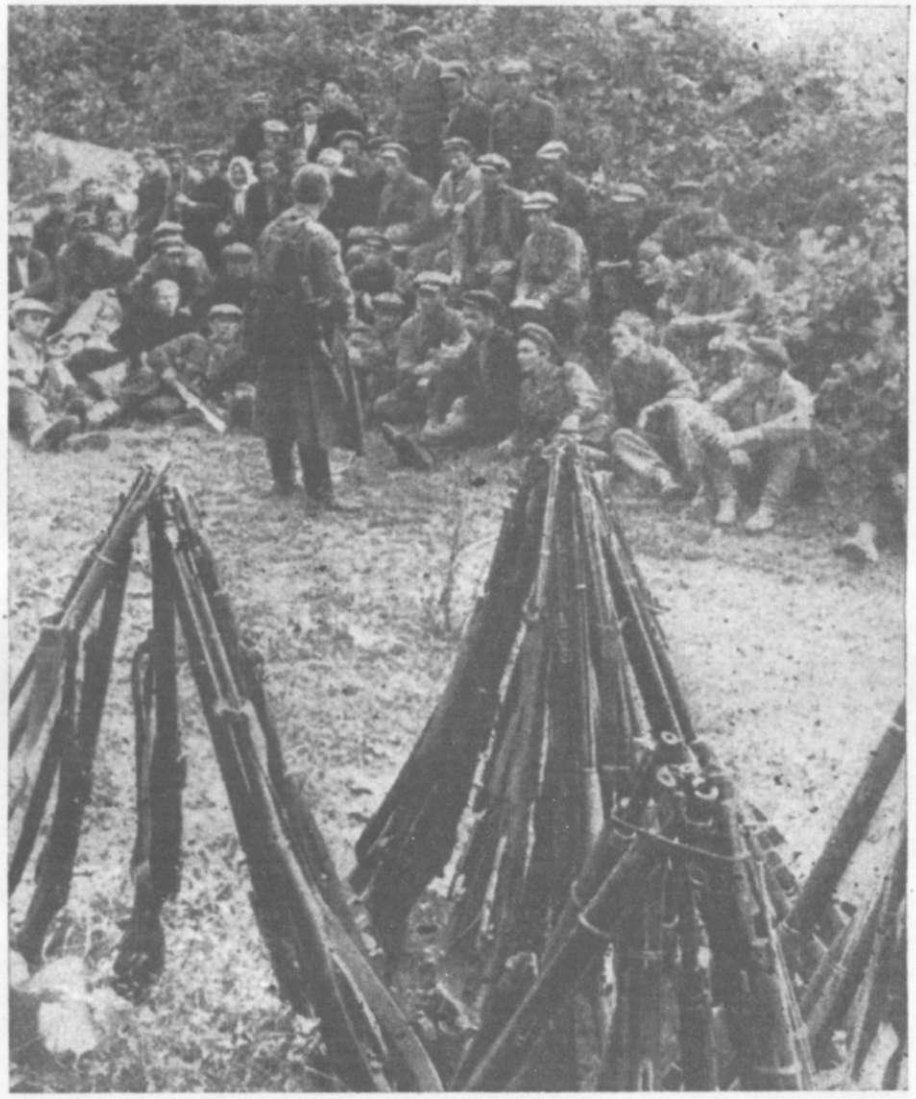
**23.** At last we found a Nazi aerodrome with 30 planes—17 bombers and the rest fighters. A large guard, more than two companies. Serozha found the aerodrome.

**24.** Hard work. Only five of us in action. We crept to the aerodrome with hand-grenades. Nearing the planes, we stood up and walked the rest of the way. It was pitch dark. Some of the planes were evidently getting ready to start. Their engines were working. We threw 23 grenades. Indescribable panic. Sixteen planes were burned down. We escaped into the woods—all safe except Comrade A. who must have been killed. All glory and honour to you, our brave comrade; you perished like a hero.

**25.** We spent all day sleeping in the woods—feeling a little tired. At night we went with some men to a neighbouring window. We quietly approached the former collective-farm club. Through the open windows we saw German officers. Some of them were typing in one room; in another they were examining large maps on the walls. We threw two grenades through each window.

**26.** Today was a real holiday. Comrade A. returned safe and sound. He had run from the aerodrome in another direction and had got lost in the woods. He was hungry, ragged, but sound and gay.

**October 1.** Nazis trying hard to get at us. Their punitive detachment surrounded the whole forest. For four days we played hide-and-seek. In a skirmish our brave Comrade Gregory perished. Seven Nazis killed. Only today we got out of the encirclement—thanks to Serozha, who knows the district like the palm of his hand. I got wounded in the leg, but I can walk. The bone is sound. A scout came from a Red Army unit with an order to mine road on which Nazis are moving men and munitions.



SOVIET 'PARTISANS' listening to the instructions of the leader of the band as he outlines his plans for a coming foray. Some extracts from the notebook of a guerilla commander are given in this page. *Photo, British Official*

**3.** Mined 400 yards of the road. At the same time wound up 3½ miles of telephone wire connecting German headquarters—good thick wire with rubber insulation.

**6.** Attacked German motorized kitchen. Burned it down. We had hardly got into the woods when a large Nazi motorized infantry column appeared. Halted by the smouldering kitchen, and then opened machine-gun fire on the woods.

**8.** We approached the region M. and fell on a punitive detachment. After a skirmish we retreated to the swamps. Serozha brought a Nazi leaflet from the village—written in bad Russian, about me.

We read the leaflet aloud and laughed. I

ORDER TO POPULATION

I know the Bolshevik bandit guerillas headed by Commissar Jew G. operating in this region. Three days—come, plead guilty, otherwise will be shot as dogs. Shall not allow partisan doings. This last warning to population. Whoever helps will be shot on spot.—*Ober-Leutnant Evald Spann.*

am not a Jew, but there are three Jews in our company—good warriors. We'll get this hangman, Spann.

**9.** Collective- farmers say Spann is scouring the woods. All his men have automatic rifles.

**11.** Spann hunting us, and we are hunting Spann. They don't go into the woods and swamps—afraid. We came to T. and found devastation there. This Nazi bandit Spann paid a visit there. Undressed old women, put them on the snow and whipped them. Said they had helped the partisans. Took two girls and carried them off in car.

**14.** Spann no longer exists. It happened this way. An old woman came this morning and told us that Spann had arrived drunk, with 18 soldiers, also drunk. No guard was posted. The Nazis were chasing the women in the village. We entered the village at both ends. Spann and two soldiers taken alive. Others fought frantically. Our losses: Partisan Moisei killed, two others wounded. We put Spann on trial. This Nazi officer fell on his knees and begged for mercy. Sentence passed and executed.—"*Soviet War News*"

# Editor's Postscript

ONE hears, these days, much about "inflation" without quite knowing how it works or what it really means. We saw something of its effect in Germany and Russia soon after the last War, when the mark was so debased that thousands instead of twenty went to the pound, and the rouble was in much the same case. I remember gutter vendors in the Strand selling both marks and roubles at thousands for a penny! Well, early in the thirteenth century Ogadai, son and successor to Genghis-Khan, the bow-legged barbarian who had come as near to world-domination as any conqueror since the Caesars, said to his Chinese adviser, "I am told that in Cathay they stamped money out of a worthless stuff, paper. Why cannot we print money in this fashion?" "True, it was done once," was the answer, "and they called the minister who did it Lord Scrap-paper. After a while, with this same precious paper, it took ten thousand *taels* to buy one cake." Whatever the *tael* was worth in 1229, it was the equivalent of the U.S. dollar a few years ago. So inflation is no new thing, however it be brought about.

I CAME across that anecdote in a newly published book—one of the most fascinating of the many I have read this year—"The March of the Barbarians" by Harold Lamb. It's my first acquaintance with this author, who has almost a dozen books to his credit, dealing mostly with kindred subjects: the history of the Mongols. His new work discloses a vast and intimate knowledge of the rise and decline of the Mongol tribes, and contains a short, colourful portrayal of Genghis-Khan, of whom he published a full biographical narrative thirteen years ago. "The March of the Barbarians" is worth many best-selling novels so far as enthralling narrative is concerned, and is written in a peculiarly vivid style which changes its movement in accord with the shifting scenes and tempo of the times depicted. Genghis, *mutatis mutandis*, was the Hitler of his day, or the other way round. Certainly one of the most amazing characters in the world's history, and nowhere portrayed more vividly or with greater erudition than in Mr. Lamb's pages. The Germans are the Barbarians of this later age. Get the book from your library (it is published by Robert Hale Ltd. at 15s.) and see how little the veneer of modern culture has changed the Teutonic tribes who had long settled in cities while the Mongols remained nomadic.

ANOTHER parallel of the present age of barbarism with the days of Genghis-Khan and his Mongol hordes. Among the more frightening of the arrows with which these amazing horsemen of the Steppes struck terror and death into the civilized warriors of the west, Russia, Hungary, Bohemia, Austria, was one that whistled! Imagine scores of thousands of wild horsemen thundering down on the ranks of well ordered and finely caparisoned, but relatively tame cavalry, and crossbowmen discharging as they came clouds of steel-tipped arrows that whistled like a gale in the rigging! And there you have an ancient anticipation of the whistling bomb.

IN the last war the fountains in Trafalgar Square and in most of the parks were stopped and the water in their large ornamental basins drained off. This was done to prevent reflections from the water during moonlight or under the play of searchlights, which would have helped the Zepps to identify their targets—if they ever had targets more specialized than the whole of Central London. But water is now the urgent need of the fire fighters and many great ponds have now come into existence by the simple but laborious process of using the deep basements of bombed buildings, whose overground remains have been cleared away, and filling them with water to serve as priceless reservoirs when, for any reason, the regular sources that feed the hosepipes fail. A bright idea, this. Some of these ponds look quite picturesque and will possibly outlast the War for a year or two. I hear this plan is being carried out all over the country.

**GENERAL ANDERS, Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Army being raised on Soviet territory, three divisions of which had been staffed and organized at the beginning of October.**
*Photo, Polish Ministry of Information*

EARLY in the War I expressed my relief that mechanization, which had brought so many new horrors to the conflict, had got rid of at least one—the martyrdom of the horse. Horses had, of course, been destroyed in thousands when Poland was overrun owing to the foolish faith in cavalry which the Poles retained. But I was altogether too hopeful, as the horse, mule and donkey are all being used in large numbers in the worst of the battle zones. In Greece the nature of the country brought them into use in conditions of appalling misery among the snow-covered mountains of her Albanian frontier, Germans are making great use of them in supply columns, the Russians employ them by the thousand for Cossack cavalry, and they are at work in surprising numbers in North Africa and the Near East as well as in the China-Japan battle areas. The poor, dumb, suffering creatures whose complete innocence of all offence and hatreds makes their martyrdom so pathetic.

WILLIAM L. SHIRER in his "Berlin Diary" has many references to the dead horses he saw along the routes of the invaders in Belgium and France. The other day I had before me a photograph of an entire train load of Russian horses sacrificed to prevent their falling into Nazi hands. Cut off from escape, the Russians, faithful to the scorched-earth policy, ran the train conveying the horses over a cliff into the sea, where on the rocky shore their bodies were piled high amid the tangled wreckage of the train. The mind recoils from contemplating the monstrous horror of their death agonies, and yet the hard facts of war justify the Russians (who are real lovers of horses) in such an action. Their resolute destruction of the beautiful modern cities they have built up in the last ten years is the best proof of their determination to do nothing to help the enemy. It may be sheer sentimentalism, but I can't get that mountain of horses out of mind.

AN exceptional number of letters from boys and girls, so far apart as Malta, Cape Town, Wellington N.Z., Toronto, Rhyl, and Carrickfergus, coming to my desk within the last few days, has made me aware that a new impulse is urging our young people to study current affairs and attempt to express themselves. The ages of these young folk range from 13 to 17. Already I have given quotations from a very lively account of her life in Malta by Miss Cissie Vella (16), and it is again from Malta that I have received a long letter, so animated in its style and so interesting in its contents that I am giving it considerable space in our pages. Its writer, a boy this time, is also a sixteen-year-old. Not many adults could write so engagingly, even with the start of having so good a story to tell. Two such letters from Malta (where I'm told "everybody" reads THE WAR ILLUSTRATED!) suggest an unusual literary precocity in its juvenile population, the total number of inhabitants being only about 240,000.

SEVERAL of my young correspondents, like the youngest of all, Anthony Martin of Rhyl, who is just thirteen, are already hoping to become journalists some day. But what impresses me about them all is the keenness with which they are following the tremendous events of the historic times in which their youth has been cast. It promises well, I think, for the mental preoccupations of the rising generation, and one can safely prophesy that in the post-war years we shall see a vastly increased reading public interested in the more serious things of life and literature.

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